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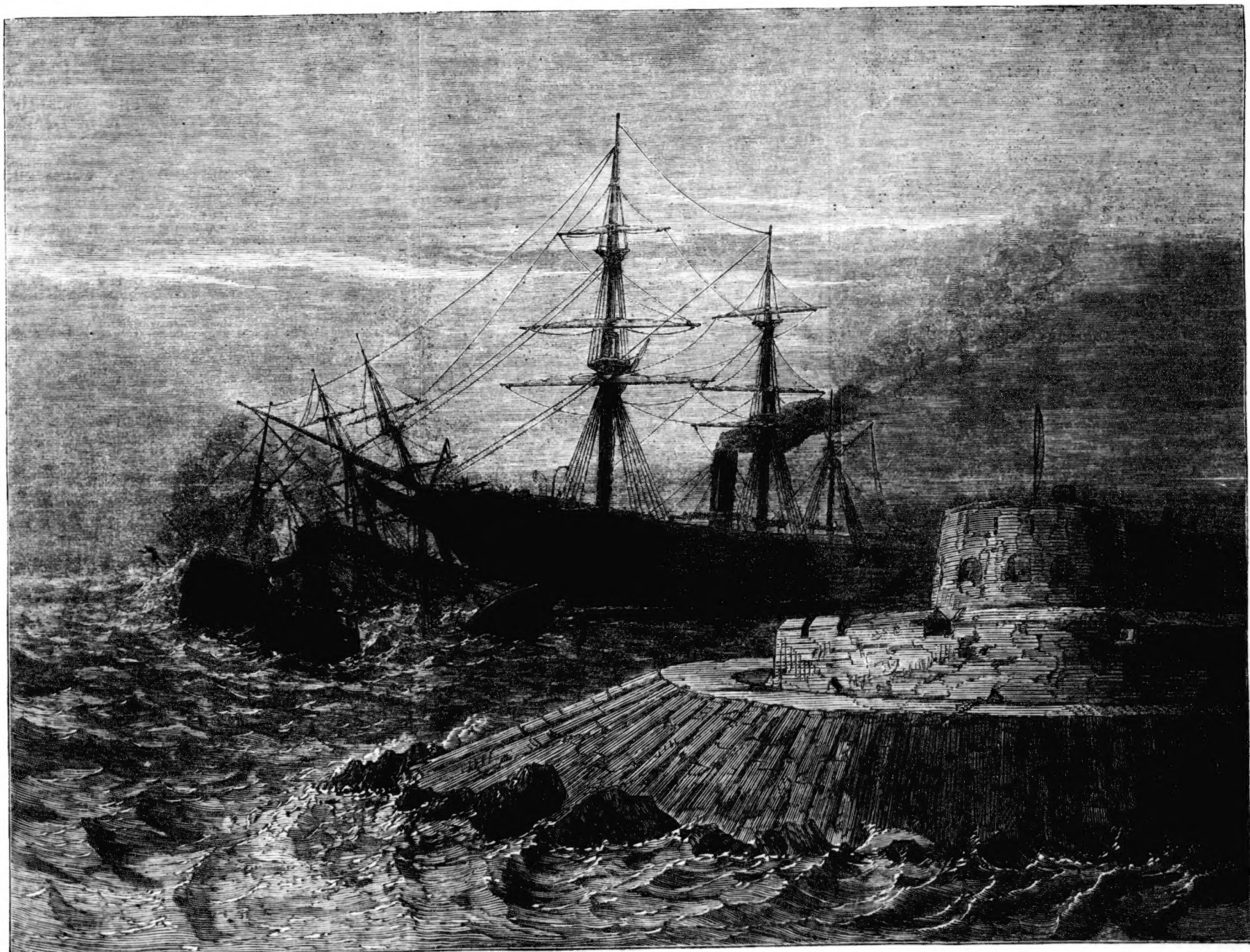
AMERICA.

We have no important news from the Potomac, and, for the present, can scarcely expect any. The two armies are in the position of two prizefighters at the conclusion of an exhausting round; and certainly, after such blows as they give and receive, repose must be very necessary. Letters from the Southern camp give terrible accounts of the punishment inflicted upon the Northerners, and represent them as almost paralysed with fear, though they certainly showed no signs of trepidation when making the attack. It may be quite true that the North is anxious to conceal the real state of its army; but it is not quite clear how the precise condition of its troops can be known to the enemy. The Northern soldiers are said to have shown themselves panic-struck when the danger was over, and to have rushed underground and sought refuge in caves and cellars, after the cessation of a fire which they had not shown themselves afraid to meet when it was necessary to expose themselves to it. The Southerners' defence was doubtless very admirable and very terrible to their assailants; but we scarcely think it can have produced that end-of-the-world sort of effect upon them which they are alleged to have experienced. If it could only lead to the end of the war! Of that, however, there is no more prospect now than there was a year ago. Why should not this war last as long as some of the great European contests? The fighting is harder and more deadly, to be sure;

but the population on each side able and willing to bear arms is very large—probably larger than that of any European State, where for the most part the armies are recruited from a class of unfortunate, peaceable men, who have nothing to fight about, and don't want to fight. Now, in the States, everyone knows—not the precise moral cause which is at the bottom of the struggle, for that is still a matter of uncertainty, but—at least what he believes to be, and what is the cause as far as he is concerned. There are more volunteers in America, on both sides, than could be found in any ordinary European Continental army, and at the same time forced levies can be raised to any extent limited only by the number of the able-bodied male population. No one, in England or elsewhere, can say with any show of reason which side is getting the best of the battle in a purely military point of view. The North may be said to have the advantage in weight; the South is certainly superior in skill and pluck. It does not appear likely that the South will ever be beaten; but the North has still great resources to draw upon—far greater than the South can possibly command.

A great deal has been said about the employment of Irishmen and Germans in the Northern armies, as if Germans did not make tolerable soldiers, and Irishmen perhaps the best of any. If it be meant that it is a sign of weakness to employ mercenaries, it may be replied that Irishmen and Germans settled

in the United States are virtually Americans; they have accepted Americanism and all that belongs to it. There are also Irishmen and Germans on the Southern side, and it is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of this war that no national, or religious, or political, or moral principle distinguishes the combatants. It is quite a geographical affair—a parochial or provincial squabble on an immense scale. If a Northern German went south and remained there a little while, there is no reason why he should not turn into a Southerner; if a Southern Irishman went north he would, without doubt, become a Northerner in a very short time. In this country we know what an Irishman is. He has some moral and (like every one else) some immoral qualities by which he can be easily recognised. In a quarrel in which he had no personal interest we should expect to see him on the gayest, liveliest, most romantic side. In a war between Royalists and Republicans we should look for him among the Royalists; between aristocrats and democrats, among the aristocrats; between religion and philosophy, in the camp of religion. In the great American faction-fight, however, he just takes part with the faction nearest to him; and we can fancy, without any stretch of imagination, two Irishmen of the same family, the same faith, and the same politics combatting, the one for the North and the other for the South, with equal vigour and determination. On the whole, if this American war were really a war of principle, the Irish-



TERRIBLE COLLISION OFF CALSHOT CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT—THE WEST INDIA MAIL-STEAMER CEYLON SINKING THE BRIG RIDESDALE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. BRANNON.)

man's sympathies ought to be with the South. Most of the leading Irishmen who have exiled themselves to America have been repealers. They understood, or thought they understood, the advantage of making Ireland independent of England, though the separation was only demanded by a small and insignificant portion of the population. The Southern States of America as one body claim the right of self-government, and yet thousands of the Irish settlers, with young Meagher (he is now becoming "old Meagher") at their head, are leagued with their enemies, and aiding them with all their might in their endeavour to subdue these American repealers.

The analogy between the insurrection of the American colonies against England and the present insurrection of the Southern States against the Northern Government has often been pointed out. When the "War of Independence" commenced, the grievances of the colonists were of the slightest possible description. When the war had been continued for some little time, all that they had asked was conceded to them. But blood had been shed, hatred provoked, and reconciliation rendered impossible. If we had then said to the American colonists, "You have slaves on your plantations; we regard slavery as an anti-Christian institution, and we mean to abolish it"—would not all the world have cried out at our hypocrisy? However that might have been, we should have been behaving precisely as the North American Government is behaving now. We might have said as they say, that our policy had "changed with events," and by raising up the slaves against their masters have stayed the political insurrection for a time. We behaved barbarously enough as it was in employing Indians against our fellow-subjects; but at least they were under the control of our officers. We were spared the last disgrace—that of exciting wholesale, indiscriminate massacre, such as will be the effect (if it have any effect at all) of the last proclamation of the American President in the matter of the Southern slaves.

It is surprising, by-the-way, that Mr. Lincoln does not now, for the sake of consistency, liberate the slaves in all parts of the territory under, or supposed to be under, his Government. Since he has gone so far in the walk of philanthropy, he might as well proceed at once to the end, and take credit for the entire journey. Otherwise if he hesitates and stops half-way—stopping just where it suits the political interests of his Government to do so—people will continue to say that he would much rather not have trodden this path at all; but it is slightly blasphemous to pray for the Divine blessing on a piece of work which he undertakes for no Divine, but for a very diabolical, purpose indeed.

FATAL COLLISION IN THE SOLENT.

THE Ceylon steamer coming up the Solent early on Friday morning week, with the heavy portion of the Indian mail, had the misfortune to come into collision, when off Calshot Castle, with the sailing brig Ridesdale, bound from Southampton to the West Indies with railway iron, which was being towed out by the steam-tug Aid. The Ceylon first struck the brig, and then ran athwart the tug, causing serious damage to both. The brig, indeed, sunk at once, but the crew got on board the steam-tug, when, unfortunately, the falling of the funnel from the violence of the collision killed the pilot as he jumped on board, and another pilot had his legs broken. The captain of the brig was also injured, and a fireman on board the steam-tug leaped overboard in his fright and was drowned. The haziness of the weather is stated to have been the cause of the accident.

At the inquest held on the body of one of the men killed, Francis Frederick Greenway, master of the steam-tug Aid, gave the following account of the occurrence:—"The tug was lashed to the port side of the brig. Before we got to Calshot we observed two rockets from a ship coming up the west channel, which we supposed to be the Ceylon, and from which we were then six to seven miles distant. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I saw the ship, distinguishing her three masts, just open with each other, before I saw her lights. At this time, I imagine, we were about two miles from Calshot, on the north shore, and it was near low water. Shortly afterwards I saw the port red light and the masthead light of the steamer, which was then apparently halfway between Calshot Spit Buoy and Black Jack Buoy. We kept our course at that time. Very shortly afterwards I saw the three lights in a fair triangle, which showed that the vessel was coming right ahead. Immediately afterwards the port light was shut in, showing the starboard light broad, which I reported to William Goodridge, the pilot in charge of the Ridesdale. He said, 'I see them distinctly,' and ordered his helm to be put astarboard, and mine also to assist the ship coming to. I should think we were at that time about a mile and a half from the steamer. Shortly after this we saw the three lights again, and then the starboard light was shut in, and the port red light showed brightly. This was a very few minutes before the collision. The helm of the brig was then hard astarboard, and that of the tug also. The pilot Goodridge ordered them to port the helm, and the captain of the brig said, 'No, it's too late; keep the helm starboard.' The pilot then ordered me to stop the tug, but the captain said, 'Do not; go on ahead full speed.' Almost at the same moment the captain, the two pilots, and most of the crew jumped on board the tug from the brig; and within a few seconds the Ceylon ran into the brig amidships, just before the main rigging. Our head was as nearly across the river as possible, to the northward and eastward, the same direction as the brig now lies in. The head of the Ceylon was up the river, rather towards the north shore. We were near the north edge of the channel. We were well in shore before we starboarded our helm. At the time of the collision we were a little below Baldhead Buoy, where the brig now lies. She was struck on the starboard side and sank almost immediately."

THE FILTHY STREETS OF LONDON.—When our Army was in Pekin the dirty state of its streets was sarcastically commented on by many a British soldier. We wish a whole army-power of sarcasm could be brought at once to bear upon the abominable filth of the streets of London; for nothing short of that, we do believe, will shame either the authorities or the citizens out of that self-satisfied complacency which induces them even to take a pride in such nastiness, as an unparalleled evidence of "the immensity of the traffic, Sir," through their wonderful city. It never seems to enter into their calculating heads that immensity of traffic implies immensity of means and resources, and therefore only renders their filth and their self-complacency under such a state of things all the more disgraceful and abominable. There is really not the slightest excuse for it. What a subject this is for the contempt of those foreign visitors whose "dirty habits" no one is more ready to sneer at than a Londoner. It is most disgusting to see for a moment to an obscure sense of the nuisance, and have issued a notice to house occupants to cleanse the pavement in front of their respective houses in the City, under a penalty of 40s., according to the City Police Act; but, unfortunately, the City is but the small core of the vast metropolis; and nothing short of legislation on the subject will be of any use, we fear, if even that suffice for the Herculean work of cleansing out this Augean stable.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

The Session of the Senate and Corps Législatif was opened on Monday by the Emperor, who delivered the following speech:—

Gentlemen Senators, Gentlemen Deputies, The Legislative Body now commences its last Session. To anticipate the term fixed by the Constitution would have been, in my opinion, an act of ingratitude towards the Chamber and of distrust in the country. It is no longer the case that it can be deemed necessary to seize the occasion of a fortunate incident to secure the votes of a limited number of electors. At this day, as every one will admit, there no longer exists in the masses that mobility which was witnessed formerly, and convictions do not change at the least zephyr which appears to agitate the political atmosphere.

Since we find ourselves met together for the last time it will not be out of place to glance at what we have done during the last five years; for it is only by embracing a period of some duration that we can appreciate the policy which has prevailed in the direction of affairs.

People ordinarily seek in the acts of Sovereigns hidden motives and mysterious combinations. My policy has, however, been simply to increase the prosperity of France and her moral ascendancy, without abuse, as without weakening the power committed to my hands.

As to foreign relations: to favour, by means of law and of treaties, the legitimate aspirations of peoples towards a better future; to develop our commercial relations with the countries with which we have a community of interests; to settle old questions still in dispute, so as to remove any pretext of misunderstanding; in fact, to boldly demand reparation for every insult to our flag and everything prejudicial to our countrymen. Thus, as circumstances have required, I have been enabled to apply these principles. In the East, the national desire of the Danubian provinces to form one people could not be indifferent to us, and our co-operation has contributed to cement their union. We have supported what appeared to be well founded in the grievances of Servia, of Montenegro, and of the Christians of Syria, without compromising the rights of the Ottoman Porte.

Our arms have defended the independence of Italy, without assisting revolution, without changing beyond the field of battle the good relations with our adversaries of a day—without abandoning our Holy Father, whom our honour and our past engagements oblige us to sustain.

We have suppressed the causes of conflict which might have taken place with Spain, either in the non-delimitation of the frontiers or the old debt of 1823; and with Switzerland the difference respecting the Valley of the Dappes has been arranged. Treaties of commerce have been, or are on the eve of being, concluded with England, Belgium, Prussia, Italy, and Switzerland. Finally, the expeditions to China and Cochinchina, and to Mexico prove that there are no countries so far off that an injury done by them to the honour of France can go unpunished. Such circumstances have not occurred without leading to complications. Duty always walks through dangerous paths. Nevertheless, France has acquired two provinces; the barriers which separated us from our neighbours have been thrown down; a vast territory has been opened to our enterprise in the extreme East; and what is of more value than conquests, we have acquired claims to the sympathy of the peoples without losing the confidence and the esteem of Governments. During the years which have just passed I have been enabled to meet most of the Sovereigns around me, and these interviews have given birth to amicable relations, which are so many pledges for the peace of Europe. That peace cannot be disturbed by the events which have just taken place in Greece. This rapid glance at the past will apply to the future; and, notwithstanding the influence of contrary events and opposing opinions, you will admit, I hope, that I have always followed with firmness the same line of conduct.

In that which concerns more particularly the interior, I have sought, on the one hand, by a complete amnesty, to efface, as far as depended on me, the remembrance of our civil discords; on the other, to increase the importance of the great bodies of the State, I have called you to take a more direct part in the dispatch of public business. I have surrounded your deliberations with all the guarantees that liberty of discussion could claim. I renounced a prerogative until then thought indispensable, and permitted the Legislative Body to control the expenditure in a more absolute manner, thus to give more solidity to the bases on which public credit reposes. To lessen our expenses, the army by land and sea has been reduced to more limited proportions. The floating debt has been reduced; and, by the successful conversion of the Rente, a great step has been taken towards the unification of the debt. The indirect revenues constantly increase, from the simple fact of the increase of general prosperity, and the situation of the empire would be flourishing if the American war had not dried up one of the most fertile sources of our industry. The forced stagnation of work has caused in several places a misery the alleviation of which demands all our solicitude, and a credit will be asked from you to assist those who support with resignation the effects of a misfortune the cessation of which does not depend upon us. However, I have endeavoured to promote on the other side of the Atlantic counsels inspired by a sincere sympathy; but, the great Maritime Powers not feeling themselves in a position to join with me, I have had to defer to a more convenient epoch the offer of mediation which had for its object to stop the effusion of blood and to prevent the exhaustion of a country the future of which could not be indifferent to us.

I will not enter with you into the details of several administrative ameliorations, such as the creation of the army reserve, the transformation of the fleet, institutions favourable to the poorer classes, great public works, encouragements to agriculture, science, and the arts; the maintenance of the prosperity of our colonies, notwithstanding the suppression of the immigration of the blacks; the consolidation of our possessions in Africa by our care in gaining more and more the affection of the Arab people, and by protecting our colonists. The exposition of the situation of the empire will make you acquainted with each of these measures.

You are now going further to mark by useful works the close of your legislative labours; and when you shall return to your departments, do not forget that, if we have surmounted many obstacles and accomplished many useful things, it is owing to the devoted co-operation of the great bodies of the State and the concord which has reigned amongst us. Nevertheless, there remains much to be done to render our institutions perfect, to spread correct ideas, and to accustom the country to rely upon itself. Tell your fellow-citizens that I shall ever be ready to agree to all that is proposed for the interest of the greatest number; but that if they have at heart to facilitate the work begun, to avoid conflicts which only engender ill-feeling, to fortify the Constitution which is their work—they must send to the new Chamber men who, like you, will accept, without any *arrière-pensée*, the actual régime, which prefers serious deliberations to barren conflicts—men who, animated by the spirit of the time and by a true patriotism, facilitate, by their independence, the action of Government, and never hesitate to place above party interests the stability of the State and the grandeur of the country."

The meetings of the Chambers have been regularly constituted, but no question of importance has yet been under consideration.

ITALY.

A subscription had been opened in Italy for the relief of persons who had suffered from brigandage, and was everywhere a complete success.

The police of Naples have seized the correspondence of some Bourbon conspirators residing at Rome relative to the organisation of reactionary committees in the southern provinces. It appears from this correspondence that the regulations of these committees were presented by the Dukes of Popoli and Dellaregina to the ex-King of Naples and received his approval.

An address of the new Roman Committee of Action to Garibaldi has been published, in which the presidency of the committee is offered to him. His reply was also given, wherein he accepts the office.

SPAIN.

The Spanish journals of the 5th contain a summary of the Budget for 1864. The receipts are estimated at 2,108,638,000 reals (2d. each), and the expenditure at 2,098,692,262 reals, leaving a surplus of 9,945,738 reals. The credits demanded by the Government for extraordinary services amount to 420,170,348 reals, which will be covered by the product of the sale of lands. It is calculated that during the last eight years 1,000,000,000 reals have been expended by the Government in the construction of roads. The articles exempted from the law abolishing octroi duties are meat, brandy, wine, vinegar, oil, and soap.

The debate on the Mexican question still continued in the Cortes.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Chambers were opened on Wednesday. The Speech from the Throne commenced by expressing the desire of his Majesty that a durable understanding might be arrived at on the questions which had remained unsolved in the preceding Session. This understanding would be obtained as soon as the Constitution should be taken as the basis for the position of the representatives of the people, and when the legislative authorities mutually respected their Constitutional rights. The Speech proceeded to state that the financial condition of the country was perfectly satisfactory, the revenue having exceeded the estimated income of the past year, and covering the expenditure, even including all extraordinary outlay. The remainder of the Speech principally referred to details of domestic legislation.

DENMARK.

The Upper House of the Danish Rigsdag, or Parliament for the separate affairs of the kingdom proper, has resolved, by a majority of 32 to 1, to present an address to the Crown, calling upon it to firmly resist the demands of Germany. The proposition was opposed by the Minister of the Interior, upon the grounds—first, that it was not competent for the Rigsdag, a body charged only with purely provincial matters, to interfere in questions affecting the whole monarchy; and, secondly, that it was equivalent to a declaration of want of confidence in the Ministry. These views, however, found, as the division shows, but one supporter.

GREECE.

Mr. Elliot, immediately on his arrival at Athens, received a deputation of the Club of Public Opinion. In reply to remarks made to him, he expressed his regret that their wishes and those of the country could not be complied with. An imposing manifestation took place on the following day; and when Colonel Coroneos afterwards had an interview with Mr. Elliot, the latter told him that, although England would always entertain the same feelings towards Greece, she could not accept the honour offered. A second deputation waited on him in the afternoon and received a similar answer, Mr. Elliot adding that it would be useless for them to hope for any change in the resolution come to.

King Ferdinand of Portugal has not yielded to the recommendation of the King of the Belgians to accept the crown of Greece. The ex-Regent of Portugal declares that he has positively determined not to ascend the vacant throne. In connection with the Greek question we may notice a somewhat vague telegram from Corfu, dated the 12th, stating that a projected address of thanks to the English Government for the proposed cession of the Ionian Islands has been abandoned, in deference to the wishes of some merchants.

CHINA.

In China, as usual of late, the proceedings of the rebels occupy the prominent position. A battle had taken place between them and Colonel Burgevine (Ward's successor), having under him a force of 1000 drilled Chinese. The rebels were strongly entrenched at a place called Pao-Kong, not far from Kabling. Colonel Burgevine gave orders to storm the place, which was gallantly done; and, after an hour, the rebels were driven out. The Chinese exhibited great bravery, which shows that under English officers they will make good soldiers. Great preparations were being made by the Imperial Government for the capture of Nankin. The rebels were again in the neighbourhood of Shanghai.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

President Lincoln's slavery proclamation was published on the 2nd. It declares for ever free the slaves in Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except in certain counties and districts occupied by the Federal forces; and that their freedom will be recognised and maintained by the Government and military and naval authorities of the United States. All the Border Slave States are exempted. The proclamation enjoins upon the people so declared free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and recommends to them that in all cases when allowed they labour faithfully for reasonable wages. The proclamation states that the slaves will be received into the Federal army and navy, and concludes by affirming the act to be one of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, and invokes the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favour of Almighty God.

General Saxton, the military Governor at Port Royal, South Carolina, had issued a proclamation to the negroes in his department, stating that it is their duty to carry the news of their freedom to their brethren still in slavery.

The President signed the Bill for the admission of Western Virginia as a separate State on the 31st ult.

Mr. Seymour was inaugurated as Governor of New York on the 1st. In his inaugural address he said that he should support the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of New York, enforce the laws, and maintain and defend the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the State. He had ordered a trial of the New York Police Commissioners and Superintendent Kennedy for permitting the use of the New York police-stations for the illegal detention of citizens.

The Chamber of Commerce of New York had passed resolutions that the war made upon American commerce by the Alabama is not rebuked by the British press, nor the fitting out of vessels stopped by the British Government, and that American merchants are subject, to a certain extent, to the evils which would attend a state of war with England. A committee was appointed to report what action the Chamber of Commerce shall take in the matter.

The New York Union Democratic Association had passed resolutions requesting the State of New Jersey to call a convention of free and loyal slave States to meet at Louisville in February to adopt measures to stop the war. New Jersey is also to request President Lincoln's permission to send commissioners to the disloyal States to solicit them to meet in this convention. President Lincoln is further to be requested to declare an armistice with those States which accept the call to the convention.

General Butler had arrived at New York, and proceeded to Washington. It was supposed he would have an important office.

THE ARMIES ON THE POTOMAC.

It was again reported in Washington that General Burnside had resigned, and that General Hooker would take his place.

Part of the Confederate force at Fredericksburg was believed to have gone up the Rappahannock.

Stuart's Confederate cavalry had made a raid into Dumfries and Occoquan, in the rear of Burnside's army, and cut the telegraph wires connecting it with Washington. General Stuart also proceeded to Accotink, two miles from Alexandria. The Federals made various efforts to cut off his retreat; but without effect, as Stuart had retreated safely and recrossed the Rappahannock near Warrenton. General Stuart had with him a telegraphic operator, through whom he gained much useful information from the War Department at Washington.

FIGHTING IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

A series of battles had been fought in Tennessee between the Confederates under Generals Joseph Johnston and Bragg, and the Federals, under General Rosecranz. General Rosecranz is reported to have recaptured Murfreesborough on the 31st ult., after a desperate engagement, in which both sides suffered severely. The Confederates lost Generals Rains and Cheatham, a large number of killed, and 500 prisoners. The Federal loss is estimated at 2500. The contest was renewed on the 1st inst., but the result was not known in New York. The Confederate General Morgan captured the whole of General Rosecranz's transport-train, but is said to have lost heavily in men and material in skirmishes with the Federals. Morgan's forces in Kentucky had destroyed a portion of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and captured Elizabethtown and 600 Federals.

Confederate accounts state that the Federals were repulsed in four attacks upon Vicksburg, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th ult. The Confederates captured 400 prisoners. The Federals destroyed thirty-three miles of the Vicksburg, Shreveport, and Texas Railway, and burnt the town of Delhi.

General Herron, with 2000 Federal cavalry and artillery, captured the town of Van Buren, Arkansas, on the 28th, with 100 prisoners and a quantity of war material.

President Davis and Staff arrived at Mobile on the 30th ult.

NEW ORLEANS UNDER GENERAL BUTLER.

A private letter from New Orleans, published in the New York papers, gives the following picture of the Crescent city under the sway of Butler:—

New Orleans, Dec. 19, 1862.

Our streets, and shops, and houses are almost entirely deserted. Every one has got away that could, by fair or foul means, and the military have had

possession of everything. They have not, I regret to say, been scrupulous in regard to right. Dwellings have been sacked, stores have been broken open, plantations seized, negroes accounted as soldiers, women driven into the streets, men shut up in prisons, property confiscated and sold, pockets rifled, and grave offences sanctioned as military necessities—all in the name of liberty and union; while the grand genius of all this work and his satellites and confederates stood by, like another Nero, gluttoned with savage self-command, smiling on the ruin crumbling around us. You have, of course, read Reverdy Johnson's card. You get but little of the real facts from that, but his report to the President (somehow unaccountably not published yet) will reveal a record of things here that would stagger the stoutest imagination and appal the senses of belief. Just think for a moment of the fact that the brother of the late commanding General, to use his own words, "ruined fifteen plantations," and taking off the crops with negroes enlisted as soldiers, but set to work as labourers, under a guard of United States soldiers, to keep them straight; and this brother, protected by and under the wings of the head of the department, buying all the tobacco, the whisky, cotton, &c., in the country at half its real value, under the threat that, if not given to him at his estimate, it would be seized by the United States (?), confiscated, and sold! Think of these people going into the stores of quiet, inoffensive citizens (mostly women), and turning them into the street-walking strumpet, and holding orgies over the viands they find in the larders and cellars, in the name of "confiscation," the "United States," and "right!" Think of men who do not scruple to take anything that pleases their eyes, let it be a pair of pins or a diamond necklace, a kitchen stove or a bank vault! Think of them, and you have in little what the report of Reverdy Johnson, backed up and confirmed by Commanders Farragut and Porter, will reveal, if it states half of the atrocities of the reign of Butler in New Orleans during the months that he has been in authority here. He and his brother will leave here (if they can get away with it) immensely rich in spoils of other persons' property. All appearances indicate that General Banks and the Government are fully aware of the state of things that have existed here, and it is even said that the General invites aggrieved parties to come before him and state their wrongs. Be this as it may, however, there never was a community so much delighted as this one was when Banks arrived and deposed the Cyclops of this department.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

The man whom President Lincoln has sent to supersede the now notorious Butler as Governor and Commander-in-Chief at New Orleans and in the Gulf States, appears, by all accounts, to be a very different sort of person from his predecessor. He is spoken of as at once a man of considerable ability and as thoroughly honest—qualities which the General will fully require in order to regain even the semblance of favour for the Federal rule in the sphere of exertion to which he has been appointed. The evil odour with which General Butler had contrived to invest the Union cause in the capital of Louisiana, it will tax severely the energies of General Banks to do away; and even should he be successful in imparting a less opprobrious character to Federal rule in the extreme south of the late Union, he will still have the task—never an easy one—of reconciling a recalcitrant population to a hated, detested, and now, to all intents and purposes, foreign domination.

Nathaniel P. Banks is a native of Massachusetts, and is between forty and forty-five years of age. He was formerly a farmer, and has been a member and Speaker of the House of Representatives, which last position he occupied during President Pierce's administration. Banks has been Governor of Massachusetts either two or three terms, and declined another nomination to the same office to accept the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad. The war broke out soon after, and he was called to Washington and offered a prominent command, and has since been engaged in various military services. The General studied law and has practised at the Bar in Massachusetts; he is also said to have had a tolerably fair military education.

On assuming command of the Department of the Gulf, General Banks issued the following proclamation:—

Head-quarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans,
Dec. 16, 1862.

In obedience to orders from the President, I have assumed command of the Department of the Gulf, to which is added, by his special order, the State of Texas.

The duty with which I am charged requires me to assist in the restoration of the Government of the United States. It is my desire to secure to the people of every class all the privileges of possession and enjoyment which are consistent with public safety, or which it is possible for a beneficent and just Government to confer.

In the execution of the high trust with which I am charged I rely upon the co-operation and counsel of all loyal and well-disposed people, and upon the manifest interest of those dependent upon the pursuits of peace, as well as upon the support of naval and land forces.

My instructions require me to treat as enemies those who are enemies; but I shall gladly regard as friends those who are friends. No restrictions will be placed upon the freedom of individuals which are not imperatively demanded by considerations of public safety; but, while their claims will be liberally considered, it is due also to me to state that all the rights of the Government will be undiminishedly maintained.

Respectful consideration and prompt reparation will be accorded to all persons who are wronged in body or estate by those under my command. The Government does not profit by the prolongation of the civil contest or the private or public sufferings which attend it. Its fruits are not equally distributed. In the desolating States desolation has empire on the sea and on the land. In the North the war is an abiding sorrow, but not yet a calamity. Its cities and towns are increasing in population, wealth, and power. The refugees from the South alone compensate in great part for the terrible decimations of battle.

The people of this department who are disposed to stake their fortunes and their lives upon resistance to the Government may wisely reflect upon the immutable conditions which surround them. The Valley of the Mississippi is the chosen seat of population, product, and power on this continent. In a few years 25,000,000 people, unsurpassed in material resources and capacity for war, will swarm upon its fertile rivers. Those who assume to set conditions upon their exodus to the Gulf count upon a power not given to man. The country washed by the waters of the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi can never be permanently severed. If one generation basely barter away its rights, immortal honours will rest upon another that reclaims them.

Let it never be said, either, that the East and the West may be separated. Thirty days' distance from the markets of Europe may satisfy the wants of Louisiana and Arkansas, but it will not answer the demands of Illinois and Ohio. The Valley of the Mississippi will have its deltas upon the Atlantic. The physical force of the West will debouch upon its shores with a power as resistless as the torrents of its giant rivers. This country cannot be permanently divided. Ceaseless wars may drain its blood and treasure; domestic tyrants or foreign foes may grasp the sceptre of its power, but its destiny will remain unchanged. It will still be united. God has ordained it. What avails, then, the destruction of the best Government ever devised by man—the self-adjusting, self-correcting Constitution of the United States?

People of the South-West, why not accept the conditions imposed by the imperious necessities of geographical configuration and commercial supremacy, and re-establish your ancient prosperity and renown? Why not become the founders of States which, as the entrepôts and depôts of your own central and upper valleys, may stand, in the affluence of their resources, without superior, and, in the privileges of the people, without a peer among the nations of the earth?

N. P. BANKS, Major-General Commanding.

A letter from New York, written by a party not usually disposed to credit the talk of that city about the men who play prominent parts in the great Transatlantic struggle, thus refers to General Banks and the task he has undertaken in the Gulf States:—"The proclamation, or address, of General Banks on assuming the command vacated by General Butler is much approved as a specimen of what may hereafter be expected of one who knows how to combine in a higher degree than his predecessor the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. The General, who is known to have accepted this command with reluctance, and only from an imperative sense of duty, will have a difficult task to perform. Being one of the most honest if not the ablest men whom the war has produced, every possible allowance will be made for him, should he not by his first achievements come up to the popular expectations. General Banks has no enemies; and the only regret among his friends is that he should have been sent to a place where the chances of success are so greatly against him."

FOND OF EELS.—One morning a man was missing and could not be heard of for a fortnight. His wife was in such distress that when at last his body was found in a fishpond near the house no one liked to tell her, more especially as the discovery of the body was accompanied with what people thought would shock her dreadfully—namely, that when it was pulled out of the water a great quantity of eels fell on the grass from it; the body was, in fact, full of them. At last some one had the courage to tell the widow and to add the circumstance about the eels. The widow replied, amid her tears, "Send home the eels—and set him again. I am very fond of eels," *Life in Normandy*.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

A REMARKABLE case was brought before the civil tribunal at Blois last week, involving the question of the parentage of M. de Villemessant, the editor of *Figaro*, who recently informed his readers that he was the illegitimate son of an unmarried lady of noble family, whose name he bore; that out of filial respect for his mother's memory he had long withheld the legal evidence of his parentage; but that, being harassed and persecuted by some of his mother's relations, represented by them as an impostor, and actually prosecuted by them in a court of law for bearing a name to which they alleged he had no right, he felt it his duty to his children to lay aside the scruples which had so long restrained him, and, at a painful sacrifice of feeling, to lay the whole case before the world and the tribunals of the country. Intense local interest was excited by the question at issue, and in the crowded court were many members of the oldest and most wealthy families in the department, to whom the circumstances of M. de Villemessant's birth were matters of notoriety. The action, which is, in legal phraseology, styled *recherche de maternité*, and which arises out of one pending before the Courts of Paris, is in the form of a demand for a judicial declaration that the plaintiff is in reality the natural son of the late Mlle. Louise Renée-Françoise de Launay de Villemessant, who was the daughter of Philippe de Launay de Villemessant, one of the body-guards of Louis XVI., by his wife, Louise Renée Hurault de Saint Denis. M. Lachaud, counsel for M. de Villemessant, stated the case before the tribunal, to the effect that the mother of his client, a lady of excellent family in Touraine, was unfortunately seduced by a Colonel Cartier, whom she accompanied throughout Europe in the wars of the Empire, in which he greatly distinguished himself. By him she had two children—the plaintiff, born at Rouen in 1810, and a girl named Isoline, now deceased. After her elopement she bore the name of Cartier, and that name was habitually given to her children during their infancy. Nevertheless, when the present plaintiff, at the age of sixteen, went through the Catholic ceremony of the first communion, he was described by his name of De Villemessant, which was then recognised both by his mother and grandmother. A certificate of his birth at Rouen, in which he was described as the son of Mlle. de Villemessant, was also among the proofs. The fact of his being the son of Mlle. de Villemessant was stated to be well known in Blois, where his striking likeness to his mother spoke for itself. It appears, however, that at the age of twenty-one the plaintiff married without his mother's consent; and, in order to evade the law, he procured "an act of notoriety," under the name of Cartier, and as having been born in Poland of "unknown parents." His mother was afterwards reconciled to him, and he lived on terms of affection with her until her death, which occurred in a tragical way in 1847, at which time she and her daughter were living in great poverty. M. de Villemessant, himself poor at that time, had helped his mother to the best of his ability, and one of the proofs of her acknowledgment of him as her son was a bill in her favour drawn by him and endorsed by her. However, in 1847, Mlle. de Villemessant and her daughter Isoline committed suicide together, leaving letters in which they desired that their little furniture in their lodging at Montmartre might be given to the plaintiff. Ever since that time the name of De Villemessant had been borne by the plaintiff without dispute. Very lately, however, M. Cazain and Mlle. Veziet, the legitimate nephew and niece of his mother, instituted proceedings against him, alleging that his real name was Cartier, and that he had no right to bear the name of De Villemessant. To this action the plaintiff pleaded the notoriety of his name of M. de Villemessant. The Paris tribunal held that, in the face of the "act of notoriety" obtained by himself, his plea was insufficient, and an injunction was granted against his using the name of De Villemessant. M. de Villemessant appealed against this decision, and ultimately the case was adjourned to await the issue of the action now in progress at Blois. The counsel of M. de Villemessant contended that the proof as to the matter of fact was as clear as noonday. His adversaries, in fact, admitted this by declining to argue the case on the merits, and confining themselves to taking objection to the jurisdiction. The case stands over till this week, when the Public Minister will be heard. The object of M. de Villemessant's opponents was stated by his counsel to be simply to extort money; and it was only when he refused to lend them further sums that they instituted legal proceedings, to force him either to drop his name or to brand the memory of his mother.

IRELAND.

TENANT RIGHT.—A preliminary meeting of Roman Catholic priests was held in Mullingar last week for the purpose of reorganising an agitation for "tenant-right." There was a numerous attendance of priests, who spoke in strong terms as to the necessity of Parliamentary interference. Resolutions were passed with a view to the assembling of a general meeting on some future day.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—An Italian sailor was travelling on the Cork and Passage Railway when his cap blew off and lodged on the step. He got through the window, and was just laying his hand on the cap when it blew off the step, and, in the attempt to catch it, he fell off also. The train was then travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. It was with the utmost difficulty that the man's brother, who was in the carriage, could be prevented from jumping out. A messenger was sent back by the next train, and found the Italian, uninjured, calmly smoking a pipe at one of the stations.

THE IRISH CONVICT SYSTEM.—The Board of Superintendence of the Dublin Prisons, in their annual report, make some important and reasonable remarks on ticket-of-leave men and the Irish convict system. Referring to the number of criminal offenders sentenced to penal servitude, which shows an increase from forty-two in 1861 to seventy-eight in 1862, the Board express their gratification that, while the English convict system has been pronounced a failure, the Irish convict system, from its judicious management and effectual supervision, has not only been found free from such alarming evils as prevail in England, but has been of much benefit to the convict desirous of changing his former life. The experience of the Board of Superintendence leads them to apprehend that the present convict system is unavailing with the hardened and habitual criminal; that professed thieves and burglars, brought up from their youth in vice and crime, cannot possibly be reformed; and that if some more rigorous method of dealing with such hardened offenders be not devised, "garrotting" and other acts of personal violence will soon extend to Ireland.

SCOTLAND.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.—The funeral of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, which lately took place in the Highlands, is not likely soon to be forgotten. She was buried with the honours peculiar to the North. Her funeral car was followed from Brochan Castle, where she died, to the place of interment, by three thousand people, including the Mackenzie clans, their pipes playing the "Lament" as they passed through the various villages. A hundred and fifty carriages followed in the processions, together with the corporations of the county towns; these were joined by the Ross-shire Volunteers, with their drums muffled, and playing the Dead March in "Saul." Since the late Lord Seaforth's burial, Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's father, such a funeral has not been witnessed.

THE PROVINCES.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM AGAIN.—During the past week Mr. W. F. Windham, of Felbridge Hall, Norwich, has made his "appearance" in Bradford, as the friend and companion of Jem Mace, the pugilist, with whom, and other "celebrities," he was frequently to be seen in the streets and in taverns—the "observed of all observers." Jem Mace, on this occasion, was on a visit to Bradford with his circus. A dispute arose one day with respect to the sale of some horses, and Mr. Windham, who was a purchaser, applied to the police to interpose their authority, in order to a satisfactory adjustment thereof; but as this was a "situation" in which they would have been out of their place, the police declined to do so. He spent money with great freedom and liberality. It is said, for example, that Jem Mace, Jack Howard (Jem's trainer), and other members of the "fancy" were each supplied with a new suit of clothing—a smart "rig out" in blue, of military pattern, and including a frock coat, with the breast thickly covered with formidable-looking frogs—at the sole expense of Mr. Windham.

SHIPBUILDING IN LIVERPOOL.—Owing to the unprecedented demand for iron ships, and the high reputation Liverpool has attained for building iron sailing-vessels, the yards during the past year have been in greater activity than was ever known before. This demand is attributable to the fact that iron ships can now be built at considerably less cost than wooden ones, and are in point of durability much superior. The formation of an underwriters' association at Liverpool to class iron vessels on their merits for periods varying up to twenty-two years has had the effect of causing Lloyd's to alter their rules, which had hitherto militated against progress in iron shipbuilding. At a rough estimate the tonnage of iron vessels built in Liverpool during 1862 may be set down at 20,000 tons, and the tonnage of wooden ones at 6000 tons. This, however, is exclusive of the vessels built by Messrs. Laird, at Birkenhead, whose operations have been very extensive, as may be judged from the fact that these gentlemen have at present orders on hand to the extent of 18,000 and 19,000 tons.

SEVEN LIVES SAVED.—The captain of a Fleetwood fishing-smack, while lying the other day at the entrance of Mochras Harbour, near Pwllheli, observed a boat lying on her oars outside. The wind being fresh from the south-west he immediately made for her and picked up her crew. They proved to be the master (Claus Dreves), his wife, and five of the crew of a Hanoverian schooner, the Immanuel, laden with nuts and cotton, from Lagos for Liverpool. The schooner had struck on the west end of St. Patrick's Causeway, and had immediately gone down.

PROGRESS OF MILAN.—The *Milan Gazette*, in order to give an idea of the state of progress and prosperity of that city, publishes a review of the different improvements, new buildings, and embellishments which have been going on lately, and have increased the population to 260,000. Since the expulsion of the Austrians the population has increased 50,000.

GRAND BALL AT THE BRIGHTON PAVILION.

On the evening of Monday, the 5th inst., the officers of the 9th Lancers, at present stationed in Brighton, where the corps is exceedingly popular, gave a grand ball at the Pavilion, in return for the hospitality they have received at the hands of the people of the town; and never did the elegant suite of rooms offer a more pleasing spectacle to the eye, so varied were the dresses of the ladies and the uniforms of the gentlemen, at least the military portion of them, and they were not a few. The decorations were very pretty and artistic, and some very fine plants and shrubs were profusely but not superabundantly intermingled with the statuary in the vestibule, and placed at the foot of each staircase at either end of the corridor, backed by looking-glasses, rendered the illusion of extensive shrubberies complete and refreshing. The two orchestras were embowered in shrubs and evergreens. A guard of honour was stationed at the grand entrance, and over the entrance to the corridor was a trophy of small arms, flanked by two stars of sabres, scabbards, and pistols, the whole decorated with laurel-leaves and flowers. Each device had eight points, each of which bore the name of an action in which the 9th Lancers had been engaged. Among the honours thus chronicled were—Peninsula, South America, Goojerat, Punjab, Chillianwallah, Sobraon, Meangunge, Futtighur, Rhodamow, Shajehanpore, Passage of Gogra, &c. The corridor was decorated with Chinese lanterns and helmets tastefully arranged, and each niche was filled in with devices made of side-arms, and on the west side were lances, arranged as chevaux de frise, and bound in the centre with laurels and a rose. Over the fireplace, facing the entrance, was a tablet containing the name of the regiment, and its monogram, "A. R.," encircled by laurel wreaths. This monogram A. R. (Adelaide Regina) gives the corps the title of the "Queen's Own," and was conferred upon it by William IV. in honour of his estimable consort.

The music-room was the principal one, and the south side was covered with a demi-circular device of lances, swords, scabbards, pistols, and laurel. There were nine lances, illustrative of the regimental number, which formed the frame, as it were, of the design, from between which swords radiated, their hilts resting on the word "Delhi," and their points supporting the names of the other actions fought by the regiment in the great Indian mutiny—namely, Allypore, Cawnpore, Bareilly, Lucknow, Abegunge, Shumshabad, Agra, and Nujiffghur; and these were surmounted by the English flag, side by side with the French tricolor. Crossed lances were placed round the room, interspersed with more of the regimental honours, the tablets bearing the words Marigunge, Kanoge, Grahomdee, Serai-Ghat, Relief of Lucknow, Mutchelegan, and Bolushulur. The front of the orchestra was decorated with the gold embroidered saddle-cloths of the officers' chargers; and the chandeliers, the light from which was subdued by rose-tinted gauze, were each surmounted by three lances pointing towards the centre of the dome.

The other rooms were decorated in a similarly tasteful manner. The music was in keeping with the whole affair, the fine band of the regiment being stationed in the music-room, and Weipert's quadrille-band, from London, occupying the saloon. The company invited embraced all of beauty and fashion in Brighton and its neighbourhood, besides many distinguished guests from London and elsewhere. The officers of the gallant 9th were indefatigable in showing attention to their guests, and the ball, after being kept up till an early hour, was concluded amidst the unmingled satisfaction of every one present.

POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS FOR CERTAIN PLACES ABROAD.—As the notices recently issued, requiring an increased rate of postage to be paid in this country upon newspapers addressed to the German States, or to foreign countries beyond Germany (although the whole postage has been reduced), as well as upon newspapers intended to be forwarded by the French Mediterranean packets to Turkey, Syria, Egypt, or Greece, appear to have been generally overlooked, many newspapers prepaid at the old rate only continuing to be posted, the Postmaster-General thinks it necessary to call particular attention to this point, as, if the proper postage be not paid, the newspapers will be liable to detention. The following are the rates of postage required to be paid upon each newspaper not exceeding four ounces in weight:—Addressed to German States, 2d.; foreign countries, via Belgium and Germany, 2d.; Heligoland, 2d.; Ionian Islands, Alexandria (Egypt), Turkey, Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, and the Levant, via Belgium, 3d., and in addition 1d. per ounce; Greece and Egypt (Alexandria excepted), via Belgium, 3d., and in addition 2d. per ounce; Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, by French packet, 2d.

REMOVAL OF NEW PALACE-YARD.—On Monday a large number of workmen were set to work to pull down the two or three remaining houses, which stand eastward of the King's Arms Hotel, in Palace-yard, in order to carry out, as far as possible, the new approach to the Houses of Parliament from the end of Westminster Bridge before the commencement of the Session. There seems to be some difficulty about the remaining houses of the group; and with regard to one of them, Fendall's Hotel, the matter is still understood to be in dispute between the proprietor and the First Commissioner of Works.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—Some time ago a lady, Mrs. Mary Hartley, of Exeter, collected upwards of £300 to pay the cost of a life-boat, which she afterwards handed to the National Life-boat Institution. That society decided to call the life-boat after Mrs. Hartley, and to station it on a dangerous point at the mouth of the Tay, Broughty Ferry. It is satisfactory to find that the Mary Hartley life-boat, during a gale of wind and heavy surf a few days ago, was the means of saving the crew of three men of the schooner *Neuhof*, of Berwick, which had sunk on the Abertay Sandbank, at the mouth of the Tay, and become a total wreck. We may here add a list of lives saved from shipwreck by some of the life-boats of the National Institution during the past quarter:—Life-boat at Whitby, saved 12 men; Hauxley, 4; Thorpe Ness, 8; Iye life-boat and other boats, 18 men and vessel; Teignmouth, 2; Plymouth life-boat and steam-tug, 6 men and vessel; Padstow, 4; Bude Haven, 3; Braunton, 20; Porthcawl, 10; Cardigan, 3; Southport, 4; Lytham, 32 men and one vessel; Kirkcubright, 3 men and vessel; Thurso, 3 men and Baddinness (Dundee), 8 men and one vessel; making a total of 136 men and vessels saved. Altogether 368 lives were saved by the life-boats of the institution during the past year.

A NEW POTATO.—A member of the Belgian Central Society of Agriculture has recommended to the attention of the society a new variety of the potato, which is remarkable in the triple point of view of flavour, abundance, and facility of preservation. It appears to be a variety of what is called "chardon" in Belgium. Its stalk grows to the height of 12in., and throws out many branches. The blossom is of a pale violet colour, and produces no fruit. A field of one acre of third-class quality, lightly manured, produced 22,000 kilogrammes of sound potatoes. The neighbouring farmers were astonished, not only at the enormous produce but at the absence of any unsound potato. The crop was dug out on Oct. 12.

EPPING FOREST INCLOSURES.—A meeting of freeholders of the county of Essex, and other persons interested in the preservation of Epping Forest to the use of the public, which had been convened by Colonel Palmer, of Nazing Park, verderer of the forest, was held on Saturday last at the Horse and Groom, Woodford Wells, to determine what steps should be taken to put a stop to the illegal inclosures of the forest land, and to recover so much of it as has already been inclosed contrary to law. Colonel Palmer presided, and, under that gentleman's advice, it was unanimously resolved that an immediate application should be made to the Lord Chancellor to issue his writ for the election of proper persons to fill the vacancies in the verdership of the forest, with a view to the institution of legal proceedings against the offenders in the Verderers' Court, or at the instance of the Attorney-General in pursuance of the Act of Parliament. It was also resolved that petitions numerously and extensively signed should be presented to the House of Commons in support of the motion, of which Captain Torrrens, M.P., has given notice, for an inquiry into the subject of these illegal inclosures.

AGES OF THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.—The oldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, who is 74 years old, and the youngest the Duke of Norfolk, aged 15; the oldest marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne, 82, the youngest the Marquis of Ely, 13; the oldest earl is the Earl of Charlemont, 87, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 10; the eldest viscount is Viscount Combermere, 89, the youngest Viscount Downe, 18; the oldest baron is Lord Sinclair, 94, the youngest Lord Rossmore, 11; the eldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Lyndhurst, 90, the youngest Earl Spencer, 27; the eldest member of the House of Commons is Gen. the Hon. Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, member for Kincardineshire, who is 83, the youngest Mr. Reginald A. Vyner, the member for Ripon, 23; the eldest judge in England is the Right Hon. S. Lushington, aged 83; the youngest Mr. Baron Wilde, 46; the eldest judge in Ireland, Chief Justice Lefroy, 86, the youngest Mr. Justice Keogh, 45; the eldest judge in Scotland, the Lord Justice General, 69; the youngest the Lord Justice Clerk, 52; the eldest archbishop is the Archbishop of Dublin, 75, the youngest the Archbishop of York, 43; the eldest bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 85, the youngest the Bishop Designate of Gloucester and Bristol, 43; the eldest colonial bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 83, the youngest the Bishop of Ontario, 37; the eldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 90, the youngest Sir George R. Sitwell, 2; the eldest knight is General Sir James L. Caldwell, 92, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 30.



RIVER BLANCO.

VALLEY OF EL INGENIO.

VILLAGE OF EL INGENIO.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH FROM ORIZABA TO PUEBLA.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

RECENT despatches from Mexico represent that the condition of the French army of invasion is considered critical, its ranks being thinned by sickness and the want of wholesome food. It has been said that agents have been sent to America to obtain supplies, the furnishing of which has been protested against by the Mexican Minister. It is understood, however, that Secretary Seward declines to interfere.

Still later news from Vera Cruz announced that General Forey had occupied important positions leading to Puebla, and was preparing for an early

advance. The inhabitants of Matamoros, it is said, received the French cordially. Miramon supported the French.

The Mexican Congress had issued a manifesto against the French invasion, urging resistance to the last extremity.

Our engraving represents the valley, through which the French troops passed, near the village of El Ingenio, a tract of country leading from Rio Blanco to the Combrres.

Leaving Orizaba, which stands sixty-eight miles W.S.W. of Vera Cruz, under the shadow of the great extinct volcano which gives its name to the town, the troops proceeded to occupy the country leading to

Puebla, or, as it was formerly called, Puebla de los Angeles. This city is built in a well-cultivated plain, on the south side of a hill which is wooded to the summit and nearly 7000ft. above the sea level. The houses are mostly of stone, and the streets being spacious and intersecting each other at right angles, the town has a very imposing appearance. The cathedral is the finest and the most richly-endowed of any in the Mexican States, and many of the churches and convents are fine specimens of architecture. With a population of 70,000, and a considerable trade, Puebla is of considerable importance, and its acquisition by the French forces will be a decided advance in their occupation of the country.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

THE CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE Federals were engaged during the bright moonlight of Wednesday night, the 10th, and in the early morning of the 11th of December, in throwing pontoon-bridges across the river at Fredericksburg and at a creek called Deep Run, which flows from the south into the Rappahannock, a mile and a half below the town. No opposition was directed by the Confederates against the builders of the pontoon-bridge at Deep Run, because the valley south of the river is

in that spot bare, and wide, and flat, and entirely swept by the Federal cannon on the Stafford Heights. The bridge at Deep Run was therefore thrown without impediment across the stream, and was completed by noon on Thursday. The town of Fredericksburg was held by two companies of one of Barksdale's Mississippi regiments (Confederate), serving as pickets, who opened a brisk fire upon the bridge-builders, and drove the survivors in confusion back to the northern bank.



MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS, THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT NEW ORLEANS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, OF NEW YORK.)—SEE PAGE 35.

Instantly more than a hundred of the heavy Federal guns on the north of the river gave their response to the handful of Confederate sharpshooters on the southern bank, by opening furiously upon the doomed city of Fredericksburg, and endeavouring to make the whole of it too hot to shelter a single Southern rifleman. A second time the Federals ventured out upon the pontoons and were a second time driven back by Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, which had now come to the assistance of the two companies that originally held the town. It was not until many of the buildings in Fredericksburg had been battered down along the river bank, and until a hailstorm of shot and shell from the Federal guns on the heights, and of musketballs from the Yankee sharpshooters along the bank, had riddled every plank and brick in the town that the Federals succeeded, about five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, in throwing their pontoons across the river, the accomplishment of which they celebrated by shouts that made the hills vocal, and were taken up again and again by the mighty host of men whose tents whitened every crest on the northern side of the river, and gave colour to the repeated allegations of Federal prisoners that 300,000 men were under arms and obedient to the command of General Burnside. The building of the bridges was only opposed on one spot, and on that spot it was only opposed by the musketry fire of a single Confederate brigade. The Confederate batteries on the Spottsylvania Heights looked grimly down on the bloody work proceeding below them, but did not reply

to the deafening cannonade of the Federal batteries, nor betray their exact position by opening fire. The sun dropped behind the hills, leaving 150 men of Barksdale's Brigade dead and wounded in the town, the town itself riddled from cellar to garret, battered down in many places, and burning in others. All opposition to the crossing of the Federal army now ceased, and the troops commenced to pour across in a continuous stream by all the bridges, and by the morning of the 12th the right and left grand divisions, and the leading columns of the centre, were all on the southern bank of the stream. The operation of crossing the troops is portrayed in our Engraving; the masses as they reached the bank being formed under cover of the ruins of Fredericksburg, and then told off to their respective stations in readiness for the attack on the Confederate lines in the rear of the city.

THE BATTLE, AS SEEN BY THE FEDERAL RESERVE.

The Engraving on page 40 represents the battle as seen by the Federal reserve from the northern bank of the river. The Artist who made the sketch of the scene thus describes it:—

"The drawing represents a general view of the battle-field as seen by the reserve, the line of battle off in the distance, next the artillery and second line of infantry. To the right there is a battery planted on a little hill. Across the road fresh troops are seen rapidly marching into the woods towards the front to reinforce the worn-out soldiers. Near the centre are Generals, with their staffs, watching the fate of the day. The road is blocked up with cavalry, infantry, artillery, and ambulances, going to and fro, carrying their burden of wounded to the rear. On the house seen near the centre are stationed officers with signal-flags. To the left is a house used as a hospital, and still further are a batch of prisoners taken off by a file of our men. All this, and more, was seen by the reserve, patiently waiting until their turn should come to take part in the struggle of the day. The wounded were brought past them, carried so that their injuries were terribly apparent to those who were forced to stand still and coolly view their sufferings, not knowing how soon the same fate might be theirs. The air resounded with shrieks of agony, and the ground near the surgeon's table was strewn with amputated limbs. Such sights as these make some hearts sicken and sink despairingly; while in others it makes the desire to be avenged burn only the more fiercely, especially when ever and anon passes by the familiar form of a late comrade in arms, fearfully mutilated or crippled for life, or perhaps dying. One poor soldier was borne along who, in spite of his pain, rendered his last tribute of respect to his commander, and cheered him as he passed. Out of the ambulance and supply-wagon, nearest the hospital, the wounded were lifted one after another, and laid side by side to wait wearily until the surgeon could attend to them. One soldier, who had charge of the prisoners, had captured a rebel flag, and was significantly trailing it in the dust as he walked along.

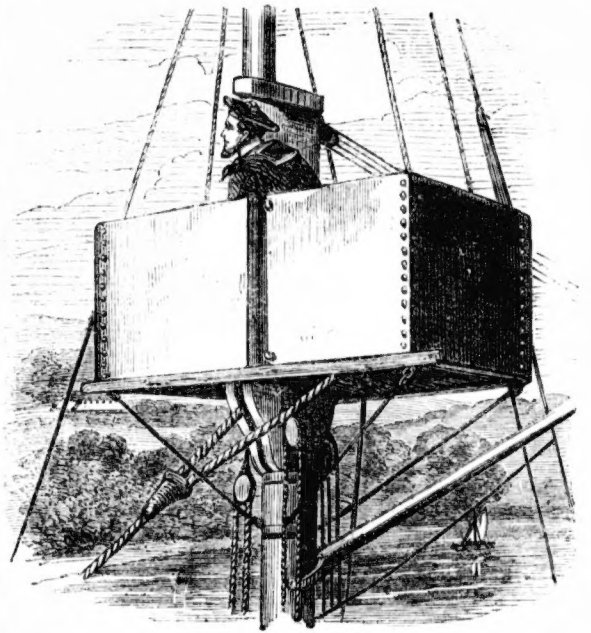
A SOUTHERN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

A letter from the Confederate camp gives a vivid description of the battle from a Southern point of view, and from it we select a few passages:—

"Friday, the 12th of December, was employed by the Federal Generals in arranging and massing their troops for the next day's attack. Active skirmishing was kept up by the pickets on both sides for several hours; and in the afternoon, with a view to feeling the Confederate position, the heavy Federal guns thundered across the river, and were only feebly replied to by the batteries on the Confederate left. The solemnity of the immediately approaching battle cast its shadow over the scene, and that earnestness and tranquillity of demeanour which, on the eve of momentous events, overtake even the most garrulous and thoughtless, reigned unmistakably upon every countenance. At night, as the pickets of the two armies were stationed within a hundred yards of each other, the Confederates could hear the earnest and impassioned speeches of Federal orators rousing the spirit of their troops, and making vehement appeals to the sanctity of the 'old flag.' 'The old flag is played out,' shouted the Confederates in reply. 'Somehow,' remarked one of the Confederates to me, 'there must be a want of grit among the Yankees, otherwise they wouldn't want all this talking to.'

"The battle opened when the sun had let in enough light through the mist to disclose the near proximity of the Federal lines and field batteries. The first shot was fired shortly before ten a.m. from the batteries in the Federal centre, and was directed against General Hood's Texan division. The Pennsylvania Reserves advanced boldly under a heavy fire against the Confederates who occupied one of the copsewood spurs, and were for a time permitted to hold it, but presently the Confederate batteries opened on them, and a determined charge of the Texans drove the Yankees out of the wood in confusion, from which nothing could subsequently rally them. Simultaneously a heavy fire issued from the batteries of General A. P. Hill's and General Early's divisions, which was vigorously replied to by the Federal field batteries. The only advantage momentarily gained by the Federals in this quarter was on the occasion of the

collapse of a regiment of North Carolina conscripts, which broke and ran, but whose place was rapidly taken by more intrepid successors. The cannonading now became general along the entire line. Such a scene, at once terrific and sublime, mortal eye never rested on before, unless the bombardment of Sebastopol by the combined batteries of France and England revealed a more fearful manifestation of the hate and fury of man. The thundering, bellowing roar of hundreds of pieces of artillery, the bright jets of issuing flame, the booming, hissing, whistling, shrieking projectiles, the wreaths of smoke as shell after shell burst into the still air, the savage crash of round shot among the trees of the shattered forest, formed a scene fitted to sink for ever into the memory of those who witnessed it, but utterly defying all delineation. A direct and enflaming fire burst from each battery upon either side as it was unmasked, volley replied to

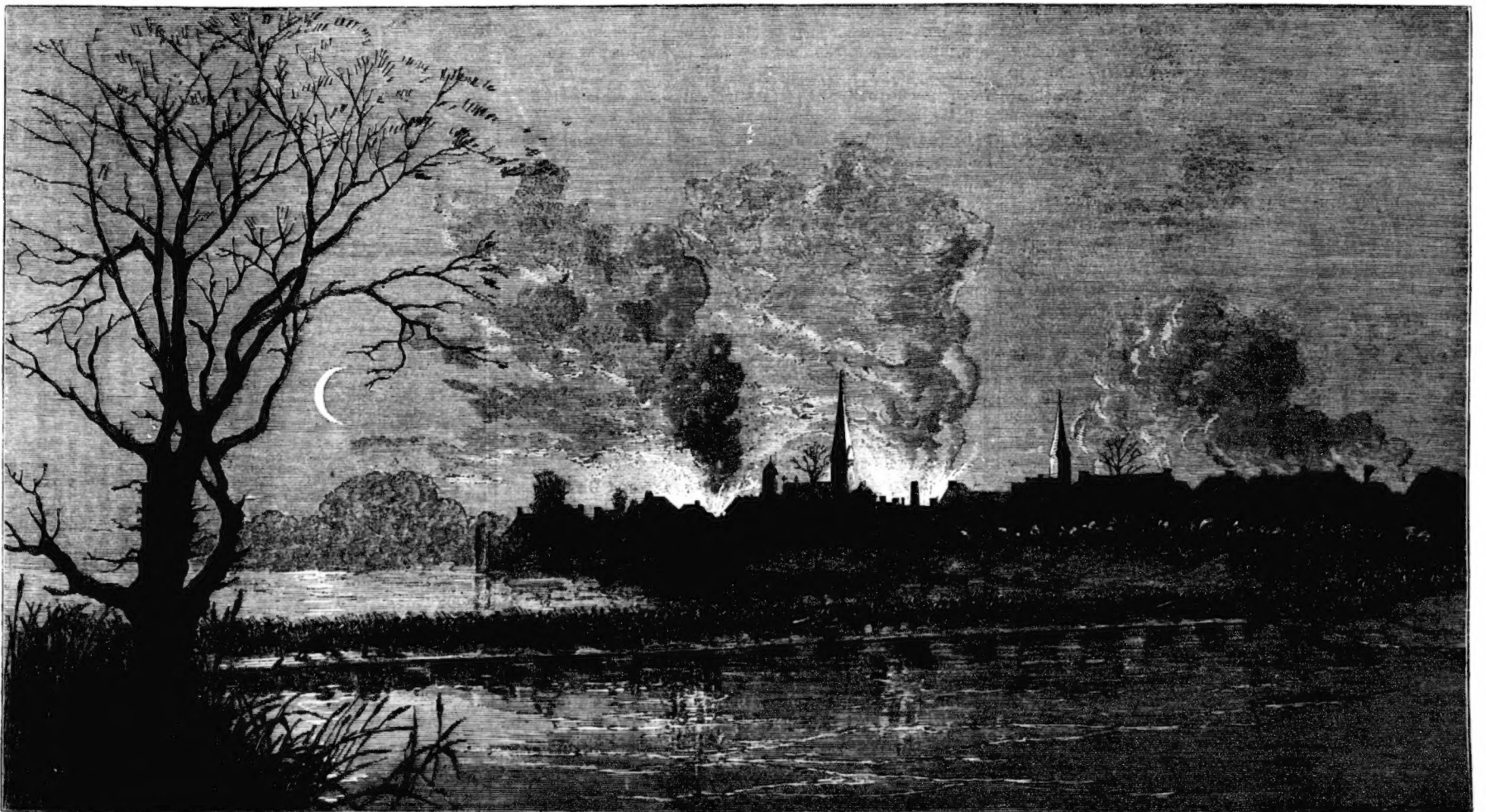


ON THE LOOK OUT AT THE MASTHEAD OF A FEDERAL GUN-BOAT ON THE JAMES RIVER.

volley, crash succeeded crash, until the eye lost all power of distinguishing the lines of combatants, and the whole plain seemed a lake of fire, a seething mass of molten lava, coursed over by incarnate fiends drunk with fury and revenge.

"Twice the Federals, gallantly led and encouraged by their officers, dashed against the forces of General A. P. Hill and General Early, and twice they recoiled, broken and discomfited, and incapable of being again rallied to the fray. The eager Confederates drove them with horrid carnage a mile across the plain, and only desisted from the pursuit when they came under the fire of the Federal batteries across the river. Upon the extreme Confederate right General Stuart's Horse Artillery pressed hotly upon the fugitives, and kept up a fire, subsequently understood to have been very effective, until after dark. Upon the Confederate right, where the antagonists fought upon more level terms, the equality of loss upon both sides was greater than on the Confederate left; but even here the Federal loss in officers and men far outnumbered that of their opponents. General Bayard, the best cavalry officer in the Federal service, fell dead almost on the eve of the day which was to have witnessed his nuptials; General Jackson, of Pennsylvania, shared his fate. Many other general officers were carried to the Federal rear, grievously wounded; whereas of the Confederates only one officer of rank—General Gregg—fell upon the right; and only one—General Cobb—upon the left.

"Meanwhile, the battle which had dashed furiously against the lines of Generals Hood, A. P. Hill, and Early was little more than child's play as compared with the onslaught directed by the Federals in the immediate neighbourhood of Fredericksburg. The impression that the Confederate batteries would not fire heavily upon the Federals advancing in this quarter, for fear of injuring the town of Fredericksburg, is believed to have prevailed among the Northern Generals. How bitterly they deceived themselves subsequent events served to



THE PASSAGE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK BY THE FEDERAL ARMY AT MIDNIGHT ON DECEMBER 11.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.)

show. To the Irish division, commanded by General Meagher, was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg, and forming, under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, frowning immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe.

"That any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, it seems to me idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on the 13th day of December, 1862."

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

THE Federal gun-boats and other vessels plying on the waters of Virginia—especially the James River—having been subjected to attacks from Confederate batteries and parties of riflemen on the banks, who did considerable damage and greatly interfered with the free navigation of the streams, a man is constantly kept in the main-top of the vessels passing up and down these rivers, to keep a sharp look-out and warn the commanders of concealed danger. But, as this position of look-out is attended with much danger, the nest in the crostrees, in which the watchman is stationed, is covered with sheet-iron, which, being bullet-proof, protects all but his head and shoulders from the aim of the Confederate riflemen on the banks. The casualties among the men employed in the duty of looking out for ambushes are thus much decreased; indeed, it is said that about the safest man in the ship is he who is apparently most exposed—the tar who is perched up in the look-out station to take care of the lives of his comrades. Our Engraving shows the watchman in the mast of a Federal gun-boat, on the James River, and the provision made to secure his safety.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S PROCLAMATION.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the President of the Confederate States of America, has issued a proclamation, grounded upon official reports, as to the conduct of the United States' General Butler at New Orleans. The proclamation begins with a statement that, acting upon such reports, Mr. Davis in July last caused a letter to be forwarded to General Halleck, of the Northern army, calling for a statement of the facts as to the alleged execution by Butler of a Southern citizen, named Mumford, who was said to have been hanged for having, before the surrender of the city, hauled down the United States' flag from a building in New Orleans. This letter, as well as others by which it was followed in August and November, having remained unanswered, President Davis considers himself free to act upon credible evidence brought before him upon the matter. He therefore declares Butler to be a felon deserving capital punishment, and directs that in the event of his capture he is to be immediately executed by hanging.

The proclamation then recites various other acts committed by Butler and his officers, most of which are already notorious enough to English readers, and can scarcely admit of palliation, still less of justification, by modern rules of warfare. It is complained that "peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives, and non-combatants have been confined at hard labour in dungeons and fortresses;" that helpless women have been torn from their homes and subjected to solitary confinement, fed with loathsome rations condemned as unfit for soldiers, and exposed to the vilest insults; that repeated pretences have been invented for plundering the inhabitants of the captured city by fines collected under threats, that property has been confiscated and its owners reduced to beggary, that aged and infirm slaves have been driven upon the highway, and that a quarter of a million of non-combatants have been virtually condemned to starvation. Whereupon it is ordered that the commissioned officers of Butler be treated as robbers and criminals deserving death, and each of them when captured reserved for execution; but that the private soldiers under their command be considered to have been not free agents, and entitled to the ordinary privileges of warfare.

The proclamation gives rise to two important questions—firstly, as to its being justifiable according to the law of nations, and, secondly, as to its expediency. With respect to the former it would, we think, be vain to deny that the proceedings which have rendered the name of Butler infamous have been unwarranted by any martial code recognised by civilised nations. The city of New Orleans, he it remembered, was not captured by siege or stratagem. It was

unfortified and undefended, and entered by the troops of Butler with almost as much facility as if it had been a portion of a non-seceding State. It was therefore to all intents and purposes non-belligerent. Even adopting the pretensions of the Northern party, who affect to regard the war as a rebellion, the offence, if any, of individual inhabitants was one cognisable by the civil power. The city could be occupied by any military force which might be able to enter and hold it, but the occupation even of an inimical country is quite a different matter to the pillage of its private community. But the conduct of Butler has borne one especial feature which marks it as exceptional, even in the annals of civil war. From first to last, the utmost rigour of his malice has been wreaked upon the female sex. His utmost aim has been to wring the hearts which he could not subdue, to punish and exacerbate them through their highest and noblest sentiments and affections. It was with this end that he issued his proclamation so justly stigmatised by Lord Palmerston in our own Senate as infamous; it was following out this view that he caused the unhappy lady who recently died, maddened by the intensity of the cruelties practised upon her, to perish deprived of every solace, almost every necessary of life, for no other alleged offence than an accidental smile. Kindness to the wounded, the weak, and the suffering has been deemed one of the virtues of a warrior. Butler has condemned even apothecaries to hard labour in irons upon the sole charge of supplying medicines to the invalid in hospital. The execution of Mumford, without trial, and upon allegation of an offence committed before Butler's arrival (an offence of which, by-the-way, the victim is said to have been innocent) was, no doubt, a deliberate murder, regarded from any possible point of view.

The motive was apparent enough. Butler wished to strike terror, and cared not by what means, so long as these could be sufficiently severe. Such acts as these are not warfare, and the perpetrator, beyond doubt, places himself far outside the pale of those grim courtesies which have been adopted less as amenities than as actual necessities of every struggle not carried on, at least upon one side, by the vilest of mankind.

But how far are Butler's officers responsible for the acts of their General? What is the distinction between their share of his misdeeds, and that of the humble privates whom Jefferson Davis acknowledges not to be free agents? That the question has evidently suggested itself to his mind is shown by the distinction which he has made in the proclamation. A private soldier is bound to obey the commands of his superior. Whether he do so joyfully or unwillingly is a matter entirely between his officers and himself. But a commissioned officer stands upon a different footing. He can offer a respectful remonstrance against committing a crime under orders, and, though he may not disobey, he can at once meet the difficulty by a resignation. When the cruel Duke of Cumberland rode over the plain of Culloden after the victory a dying Highlander feebly waved his cap and shouted for King James. The Duke ordered an officer of his staff to blow out the wounded man's brains. The English officer replied that he had entered the army to fight, and not as an executioner, but that his commission was quite at his Royal Highness's service.

No remonstrance, no protest of any kind has been alleged to have been made against his mandates by Butler's officers. The harsh and cruel orders he issued have been carried out with a wanton brutality which it would probably be hard to parallel among the troops of any army boasting the element of aristocracy among its components. The army of occupation has been one of tyranny, ruffianism, and robbery. It has disgraced the nation which launched it forth and supported it in its wanton cruelty upon helpless women, children, and aged men. We cannot conceive any pretext upon which such a horde of bullies and depredators could seek to degrade the very name of soldier by pretending a title to a soldier's rights.

But, granting this—granting, as we are more than inclined to do, the propriety of Jefferson Davis's proclamation as an indignant protest against the violation of manhood and chivalry, and allowing it the full moral weight which it is intended to convey, there still remains a question as to the expediency of carrying it out in case of opportunity. Such a contingency in the case of the chief criminal may appear remote enough, but is by no means so remote as to be utterly improbable amid the chances of war. It is still more likely that some of his officers may fall into the hands of the Southern troops. If so, and the threatened punishment be carried out, where are reprisals and counter-reprisals to end? How far are the Southern soldiers to be allowed to constitute themselves judges as well as executioners upon captives taken in open war, for offences committed under a hostile flag? The attempt would certainly tend rather to multiply than to diminish the class of crime at which it would appear to strike.

Such flagrant infractions of chivalry as those of Butler tend to bring about their own most salutary expiation. The loathing and contempt of the whole civilised world fall upon their perpetrators in such form as renders their offences far more injurious to the agents and abettors of them than even to the enemy against whom they are committed. The first revulsion of feeling in England against the Northern party was brought about by the futile but savage attempt to destroy for ever one of the finest ports of the Southern States. On the other hand, Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, who, so far as we have seen, has never yet sacrificed a single life in his exploits, has excited the warmest sympathy and gained the highest credit, not only for himself but for his cause, in the capital of the Northern Union, by his noble conduct in foregoing the demolition of a captured vessel when to destroy it would have been to expose the weak and the unprotected to the perils of want, sickness, and ruin.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is said to be again failing. A celebrated German surgeon, Dr. Langenbeck, of Berlin, is at present attending his Majesty.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD has been commissioned to execute a marble bust of the Prince of Wales for the Townhall, Manchester.

MR. PERCY MITFORD, eldest son of Mr. and Lady Georgina Mitford, of Exbury Park, will shortly lead to the altar the Hon. Emily Egerton, the third daughter of Lord and Lady Egerton, of Tatton.

THE LATE CARDINAL MORLOT, Archbishop of Paris, was buried at the expense of the State, he having no property on earth.

THERE ARE JUST ELEVEN PROTESTANT FAMILIES RESIDENT IN THE PARISH OF ST. DOLOUGH, near Dublin, and of these nine attend places of worship outside the parish.

A PETITION FOR THE TRANSPERANCE OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT and Parliament from Turin to Naples is being extensively signed in the latter city.

AN ACTION FOR LIBEL has been commenced against the *Saturday Review* by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, a well-known Dissenting Minister and controversial writer.

IN THE MASONIC LODGE, at Alexandria, U.S., is preserved the knife that the mother of Washington presented to him to induce him to abandon his design of entering the British Navy.

A PLACARD posted up throughout the town of Dundee announced the opening of the Theatre Royal, "under the management of Miss Goldard newly decorated and painted!"

NOTICE OF APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS in the Yelverton case has been given by the agents of Major Yelverton.

IN IRELAND, in the space of thirteen weeks, there has been the alarming increase of 42 per cent in the number of recipients of parochial relief.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN now styles the negroes "free Americans of African descent."

MONSIGNOR DARBOY, Bishop of Nancy, has been appointed to succeed Cardinal Morlot as Archbishop of Paris.

BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF 12,000,000*fr.* were exported from France last year, besides a large amount of engravings and lithographic prints.

IN 1860 one in every 9104 slaves in the United States was insane, one in every 4900 was a deaf mute, and one in every 2503 was an idiot.

A DESERTED AND POVERTY-STRICKEN WIFE at Oakengate, near Birmingham, threw her child down a pit shaft and then jumped after it.

A REWARD OF £300 has been offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the murder of the man Barton, near Wigan, mentioned in our last Number.

A LIONESSE in Manders's menagerie, at present being exhibited in Edinburgh, gave birth to four cubs the other day.

THE VALUE OF THE TOYS exported from Paris has increased from 336,000*fr.* in 1827, to 5,600,000*fr.* in 1862, besides 2,000,000*fr.* worth sold for home use.

AT SOME PRIVATE THEATRICALS at Dover, the other night, Hamlet, instead of saying, "Sick at the act," exclaimed that he was "Sick as a cat!" which so upset the equilibrium of the other actors that they and the audience joined in a hearty laugh.

A SUBSCRIPTION in aid of the Lancashire distress has been organised in Smyrna, and is likely to reach to a considerable amount.

ANOTHER NEW BANK is IN COURSE OF FORMATION AT LIVERPOOL, which will embrace the Exchange business in addition to ordinary banking transactions, and will have a branch house in London.

A NEW JOURNAL HAS BEEN STARTED IN COPENHAGEN, having the peculiar features of an English summary and an English leading article. The journal itself is daily, but the English columns will only make their appearance once a week.

UPWARDS OF 130,000 PERSONS are in the deepest distress in the manufacturing districts of France, for whose relief no more than £10,000 have been raised by voluntary subscriptions throughout the whole empire.

A NEW ENGLISH CHURCH HAS BEEN CONSECRATED AT NICE by the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar in the presence of the principal French authorities, who had the courtesy to accompany the English Consul in his official capacity.

AT THE PORT OF SHANGHAI, on the 8th of November last, there were eight steamers and 178 sailing-ships taking in, discharging, or waiting for cargo.

EIGHT DESERTERS, seven being Neapolitans and one Tuscan, taken prisoners at Aspromonte, have just been tried at Palermo. They were declared guilty of rebellion, not of treason, and were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The public prosecutor gave notice of appeal, on the ground that the sentence was too lenient.

AT FUNERAL CELEBRATIONS IN AMERICA the old airs of the "Dead March" in "Saul," "Oh, come let us worship," are all discarded. The brass bands now play lively airs, such as "Lucy Neal," "Old Dog Tray," "Never give it up so," &c.

THE MANUFACTURERS OF COTTON GOODS AT BERLIN are suffering severely from the scarcity of the raw material. A number of them are completely at a stand, and others have discharged a great part of their hands. At least 5000 weavers are now out of employment in the Prussian capital.

A WOMAN NAMED JAMES was committed from Stalybridge, on Monday, for attempting to drown herself and two children. They were got out of the water with difficulty. The woman had quarrelled with her husband about twopenny!

THE ALABAMA captured the Ariel, Californian steamer, on the 16th ult., off Cape Maza, and, after removing 5500*fr.*, and exacting a bond for 200,000*fr.* to be paid on the recognition of the Confederate States, allowed the Ariel to proceed.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES, it is alleged, has at last decided to return to the world and rejoin her husband, Francis II.; but, in accordance with the wish of her relatives, she will not pass at once from the cloister to the troubled life of a Court, and will consequently stay for some weeks with her family at Munich.

AN EXTENSIVE SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS is about to be made in France with the type-telegraph invented by M. Bonelli, by which five hundred despatches of twenty-five words each can be printed within an hour. Should the experiments prove satisfactory it is intended to introduce this telegraph on the principal railway lines in France.

THERE ARE PUBLISHED IN AUSTRIA 122 political journals, of which 73 are in German, 6 Slavonian, 4 Polish, 2 Serbian, 13 Italian, 16 Hungarian, 3 Roumain, 2 Greek, 1 Slovak, and 2 Hebrew. The non-political are 312 in number.

A SLIGHT DECREASE has taken place in the number of unemployed in the manufacturing districts, the numbers relieved in the week ending the 3rd inst. having been 7369 less than in the preceding week, and the expenditure having fallen £1648 6s. 4d. below its previous amount.

THE MORAVIANS intend during the present year to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into their country. Great preparations are to be made for the occasion, and visitors are expected to be present in large numbers from all the neighbouring countries—Bohemia, Galicia, Croatia, Hungary, Posen, and Russian Poland.

THE AUSTRIANS, it is stated, have now 112,500 men in their Italian provinces—in Verona, 38,000; Peschiera, 5000; Mantua, 7000; Vicenza, 5000; Venice, 22,000; Treviso, 5000; Trieste, 10,000; Friuli, 12,000; and Tyrol, 7500.

IN NEW YORK COMMERCIAL CIRCLES a feeling is said to be every day gaining ground that a break-up of even more than North and South must now be looked for; when most of the Western States would join the Confederates, New York and New Jersey would hold together, while the New England States would form an association for themselves.

THE MUTILATED BODY OF A MAN, supposed to be Francis Weston, was found on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Pendleton, and was identified by Mrs. Weston. Later in the day, Mr. Weston made his appearance, hale and hearty, to the astonishment of his wife and family, who were lamenting his death, and he thus proved a most satisfactory alibi.

IN THE COURT OF ARCHES, on Monday, it was stated that in the case of the "Bishop of Salisbury v. Dr. Williams," one of the authors of "Essays and Reviews," an appeal from the decision of the Dean of Arches had been commenced before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. In the case "Fendall v. Wilson" a similar course would, it was said, be taken.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE 18TH HUSSARS stationed at Hounslow having recently indulged in objectionable practical joking and other ungentlemanly conduct, the Duke of Cambridge has intimated to the offenders that their leave is stopped, and that their promotion will be affected by their share in the transactions referred to.

AMONG THE MANY NEW COMPANIES that the plethora state of the money market is creating, one of a most novel and curious nature is talked of. The object is to construct a gigantic reflecting telescope of far greater dimensions than Lord Rosse's celebrated 6-ft. reflector, with which it is expected wonderful planetary sights will be revealed.

AN OFFICER who was killed at Fredericksburg acted very singularly after his death. He was on the battle-field on horseback, waving his sword. A shell came and took his head smooth off. He rode on for some distance, his hand continuing to wave the sword. As this story is not told in the regular Government telegraph despatches, it is very likely to be true.

AN ATTEMPT TO MURDER MR. SUNDARS, Governor of Lewes Goal, was made on Sunday morning by a prisoner named Dimollard, who was undergoing a sentence of nine months' imprisonment for theft, and who had been placed in one of the refractory cells for violent conduct.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE new Baronets have been duly gazetted, three more than I noticed last week—viz., Sir Henry Rich, Sir Thomas David Lloyd, and Sir Daniel Cooper. Sir Henry Rich is well known, the other two not so well. Sir Henry was in Parliament for many years, and, in truth, was a bore of the first water there; famous for being often counted out, and notorious for his irasibus when his long, and tortuous, and wearisome speeches were thus unceremoniously ended. The announcement that Mr. Henry Rich was to be transmuted into Sir Henry caused at first not a little surprise; but it was afterwards remembered that he helped the Government at a pinch, for he kindly resigned his seat for Richmond in favour of Sir Roundell Palmer when that learned gentleman was urgently wanted in the House of Commons to take the viceroyship over the Attorney-General. This was the special service, no doubt, which was thought to entitle Mr. Rich to a baronetcy. Men wondered at the time that he so readily surrendered his place; and now we see the reason why. Sir Thomas David Lloyd is not much known. We are told that he holds the ancient hereditary title of the Lord Murene. This title had a meaning once—in the days of "the irregular and wild Glendower," for example; but it has no meaning now, no more than the title of the Royal Champion. Sir Daniel Cooper was the first Speaker in the New South Wales Parliament, and well deserves the honour which he has obtained. As we search the rolls to discover the first Speaker of our House of Commons, so five hundred years hence will men be anxious to know who first presided over the infant Parliament of New South Wales. Some dissatisfaction has been expressed that certain men well known to fame have not been honoured with a baronetcy. But let it be remembered that a baronetcy is an expensive distinction, and if those who get it are not sufficiently wealthy to endow it without injury to their families, it is worse than worthless; and, further, that it is not a very honourable distinction under any circumstances, not at all, one would think, a title which a really eminent man would care to have. Cobden refused it. It is a title that has no root in honour—confers no privileges—and has been so prostituted that it is not wonderful that eminent men should shun it. I have heard of one gentleman who, when asked whether he had been offered a baronetcy, exclaimed, "What act of political subserviency have I been guilty of that I should be so branded?"

A Dundee correspondent has sent me a few particulars respecting Sir David Baxter, Bart. It seems that the eminent firm of which he is the head are the largest employers of labour in the linen manufacture of Scotland. He is, moreover, uncle of the able member for Monrovia. "In the eyes of his townsmen, and of the country generally," my correspondent goes on to say, "he has attained to a prouder distinction than either of these relations may be supposed to confer—viz., that of a public benefactor. Some time ago he purchased, and is laying out solely at his own charge, a magnificent public park, which in a month or two will be handed over to his native town, complete in all its princely extent, at the cost to the donor of somewhere between £30,000 and £40,000."

Be it known to all persons by these presents that the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Dudley, and the Hon. Mr. Lygon, the son of the Earl of Beauchamp, assembled at Worcester, one and all think that the time is come when we ought to recognise the South; and, further, that the opinions of these "potent, grave, and reverend signors"—these conscript fathers of the Upper and Lower House—to the contrary notwithstanding, the Government will not recognise the South at present; and, further, that if the question shall come formally before Parliament during the ensuing Session, neither Commons nor Lords will by vote urge the Government to take this important and questionable step. Nor will the leaders of the Conservative party—Derby in the Upper House and Disraeli in the Lower—join in any movement to this effect. In witness hereof you will remark that all the Conservative leaders have been silent on this subject; notably, Mr. Walpole at the meeting at Worcester aforesaid, where the aforesaid Lords and Commons gave the world the benefit of their opinions. No, not yet. There are one or two things to be settled, or it may be three. First, it must be settled that the Confederacy is likely to be a permanent Confederacy; second, what will ultimately be the Confederacy; and, thirdly, on what terms this Confederacy is to be admitted into the great family of nations. All this, I think, is patent to all observers. Men talk very flippantly about the recognition of the South as if it could be effected by a stroke of the pen; but this cannot be. Grave and experienced men must look at this question from every point of view, calmly consider the law upon the matter with the aid of all the biggest wigs in authority, and weigh well the consequences of the step before it be taken. In short, in plain words, it is understood on all hands that her Majesty's Government have decided not at present to recognise the Southern Confederacy, and that those who may attempt to urge upon Government to revoke this decision will receive no assistance from the Conservative leaders.

Parliament was formally prorogued on the 13th inst. to the 5th of February, and My Lord Chancellor announced that then (that is to say, on the 5th of February) it will assemble, "and will sit for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs." The Parliamentary Session will, therefore, certainly commence on the 5th of February. So said the Lord Chancellor—the proclamation speaks to the same tune—and the circular letter sent by Mr. Brand to the supporters of the Government urges them to be in their places on that day. There is nothing special in this circular, nor can we augur from it that an amendment to the address is apprehended. Rumour, however, says that if the session of the Ionian Islands be mentioned in the Queen's Speech an amendment will be moved, but it is not feared that it will be pushed to a division.

There is, I hear, to be a reduction of two millions in the Army Estimates alone, and about that sum in the Navy. The saving in the Navy will not, however, be placed at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but will go towards creating steam-basins in our dockyards, which are to be commenced immediately, and the entire cost of which is to be spread over a number of years. So says my familiar, to whom I have given special charge, as the Session is approaching, to listen with all his ears, to learn if possible something of the Ministerial programme. But he can learn nothing as to the disposal of the four millions which it is confidently hoped that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to dispense. There will be many importunate claimants for the surplus. Moffat, the tea merchant, will appropriately advocate a reduction of the tea duties with his usual pertinacity. The great sugar interest will find many zealous advocates; and with respect to malt, though we may miss the humorous speeches of Mr. Edward Ball, we shall have plenty of brewers, and landed proprietors will not fail to present their claims to a share of the surplus. The income tax, it is understood, will be lowered by the amount of two pence. This will absorb two millions; but what will be done with the other two will probably not be known till Mr. Gladstone shall open his Budget.

Mr. Stuart Wortley has departed from Reigate and left the battle to be fought between the two Liberals, Mr. Leveson Gower and Mr. Wilkinson, or rather between Lord Monson and the people of Reigate. It is impossible to augur who will win the fight. An enthusiastic friend of Mr. Wilkinson assures me that Wilkinson will come in easily. But I would not pretend to prophesy, unless I could peep into the candidates' purses, for Reigate is quite as notorious for succumbing to money as to Monson.

The Liberal victory in East Kent, where Sir E. Dering has been returned by a majority of 83, balances the loss of Southampton, and places the two parties exactly in the position in which they were at the close of the Session of 1862. There are, it is true, several more vacancies announced. Mr. Richardson resigns his seat for Lisburn; Mr. Ball for Cambridgeshire; and, in addition to these, there is Reigate and Totnes. But there is not much chance of losses here. Richardson is a Conservative, Ball ditto. At Reigate two Liberals have the field; and at Totnes Mr. Dent will hardly succeed against Mr. Seymour, a relative of the Duke of Somerset.

Mr. Phillips, the artist, is busy on a picture of the House of Commons, and lately the house was put in order; the table was covered with books and boxes, the seats were all uncovered, the mace

was placed on the table, and Mr. Speaker mounted to his chair and gave Mr. Phillips a sitting.

Mr. Charles Dickens is to read a selection from "David Copperfield," on the 16th inst., at the British Embassy, Paris, for the benefit of distressed Britons resident in or passing through that city. The admission has been fixed at twenty francs, and every seat is already sold.

I understand that Mr. G. Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., has left England for the Southern States of America. It is reported that he intends taking service under "Stonewall" Jackson. The records of his observations are to be published in *Once a Week*.

The obituary of last week contained the name of Mr. Charles Dance, who was chief clerk of the Insolvent Court, but was better known as the author and adapter of several excellent vaudevilles (among them the "Wonderful Woman"), and the collaborator of Mr. Planché in the Vestris days of the Olympic. Mr. Dance was a kindly-hearted, genial man, and his loss will be much regretted.

Mr. James Hannay, editor of the *Edinburgh Courier*, has been lecturing during the past week at the Philosophical Institution there on "English Naval Heroes." Mr. Hannay, on the proposition of Professor Aytoun, has just been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

MR. FECHTER AT THE LYCEUM.

The opening of an English theatre under the management of a Frenchman is a very noteworthy fact in dramatic annals. It is true that ten years ago the Adelphi Theatre was announced to be "under the management" of a foreigner. But M^{me}. Celeste, although singularly unacquainted with our language and clumsy in its use, had lived long enough here and in America to be semi-Anglicised; and, moreover, she always had the long experience of Mr. Webster to refer to on any occasion of difficulty. When, too, it was recollected that eight months had elapsed since Mr. Fechter had appeared before the theatrical public—which is as fickle as it is impossible, and forgets a favourite as quickly as it adopts one—it was felt that the experiment was not free from danger. Moreover, it was known that the Fates had been anything but propitious to the coming lessee, that he had been met in anything but a friendly spirit by his predecessor, and that obstacles had been determinedly placed in his way which might have overthrown a less determined man. With his word pledged to the public to open on the 10th of January, it was not until midnight on Christmas Eve that his workmen obtained possession of the theatre, and, up to that time—i.e., so long as it was legally possible, the use of the stage for rehearsal, and of the painting-room for his artists had been cheerfully denied him, except on payment of a very exorbitant sum. Further, certain shynessed, broken-boots, twopenny swaggers, the scum and disgrace of an honourable profession which they succeeded in keeping in the mud despite all efforts to the contrary, had been heard openly boasting in their wonted pothouses of their intention to "goose the Frenchman," and one remembered the disgraceful "Monte Christo" riot at Drury Lane, the shameless cabal of the London managers, the treatment of M. Melingue and his troupe, poor Albert Smith's pamphlet on the subject, and many other things long since forgotten.

For many days before the opening every seat had been engaged, and Saturday night found the theatre crammed with an audience amongst which were to be found most of the literary and dramatic notabilities of London. It was evident that the decorations of the *salles* were still unfinished, but enough had been done to prove that all was governed by exquisite taste. That handsome raised device of doves, &c., which Mr. Bradwell did for M^{me}. Vestris, remains, and reappears in renewed beauty; but the shape of the private boxes and the position of the seats in the dress-circle have been altered, much to the comfort of their occupants; and the new ceiling looks like Brussels lace over pink satin, with the names of famous dramatic authors worked in the lace. The curtain has a similar effect. The chandeliers round the boxes have been removed, and the theatre is lighted by Messrs. Defries and Sons' "Patent Sunlights," arranged so as to resemble a glass chandelier without impeding the view of the stage. The ventilation has been provided for under the care of the same eminent firm, and it is believed the plan adopted will be found to be not only novel but the most effective that has yet been achieved.

As a *lever de rideau*, there was a little piece called "The Sudden Attack," which I did not see, but which seems to have been very slight and not very amusing. The attraction of the night was a romantic drama, in three acts, and a prologue, called "The Duke's Motto," adapted from M. Paul Féval's French play, "Le Bossu," by Mr. John Brougham. There is a very great and important difference between the French and the English versions; and any one conversant with the original would give Mr. Brougham very great credit for the clever manner in which he has surmounted many passages which would have been unpalatable to English taste, and for the thoroughly literary tone which he has infused into his work. No need here to detail the plot, it being enough to say that the interest centres in Mr. Fechter, a dashing, rollicking, *moyen-âge* dragon, suddenly sobered and steadied by having the charge of an infant, the destruction of whose life is the chief object of a powerful clique. How he foils this clique, not by stratagem, and not by sheer hard fighting; how he assumes the disguise of a hunchback to gain his ends; and how eventually he wins and marries the girl—all this was told in every morning paper on Monday, and is now town talk. But of Mr. Fechter's acting too much cannot be said or written. This character fits him like a glove; all his specialties have full play, his handsome, graceful presence, his bold bearing, the wonderful play of his mobile features, the winning delicacy of his love-making, the terrible earnestness of his rage, Englishmen have not for ages seen a cavalier, so graceful in every gesture, so thoroughly himself whether in action or repose. I doubted, before seeing him on Saturday, whether his English would not have become rusty from lack of use, but I think it has improved in the interval, though his monotone, always stronger when he is nervous, was very prominent. And he was nervous, for his entrance was met with a "reception" that completely upset him for the moment, a deafening roar of applause and cheering, which was renewed again and again. He deserved it every bit; he has the pluck of a lion, and he is the most finished artist that we have had in England since I have been a playgoer.

The piece was generally well acted. Mr. Brougham had the weight of authorship on his shoulders, but acted well, although his anxiety occasionally drove his brogue from his tongue and his vivacity from his manner. Mr. George Vining was thoroughly gentlemanly and earnest in an unpleasant up-hill part, and Mr. Widdicomb grotesquely humorous. Miss Elsworth looked very handsome and played with great dignity. Miss C. Leclercq was piquant and arch, and Miss Kate Terry, by that one night's performance, proved herself by far the best young actress on the stage. Those who have watched this young lady's progress and prophesied great things have now their predictions realised. Throughout her acting was artistic in the highest degree: never was sweet, trusting girlhood more charmingly portrayed; and there was one bit—in which she yields to a supposed charm worked by Mr. Fechter and confesses her love for him—which could not have been excelled by any actress, dead or living.

The scenery was beautiful, and Mr. Fechter's success was established beyond a doubt.

INFANT SUFFOCATION.—An inquest was held by Dr. Lankester on Friday, the 9th inst., respecting the death of John Charles Barr, the son of an artist residing at No. 1, Grosvenor-cottages, Camden-street, who was found dead in bed on the morning of the 7th. It appeared that the deceased was only two months old, and was being brought up by hand. On Wednesday morning about five o'clock the child had food given to it from the bottle when it fell asleep, and at seven o'clock the mother found it dead on her arm. The medical evidence showed that death had been caused by suffocation under the bed clothes. The coroner remarked that this was one of those painful cases in which death had been caused by over care. Mothers were particularly anxious to keep their children warm by placing them under the bed clothes, thereby shutting out the fresh air—suffocation ensuing. He had held lately about twenty similar cases a week, and if the Registrar-General's returns were referred to it would be found that in London alone there were between 200 and 300 such deaths registered every week. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental suffocation."

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND DAGUERREOTYPES.

THE Photographic Society are evidently determined to assume for their art a position which implies a rivalry with art proper in many respects. This year, which is the ninth of its existence, the spacious gallery of the British Artists is taken possession of, and completely filled with photographic pictures of every kind, as well as with many excellent specimens of the application of photography to direct engraving upon plates of steel, by M. Charles Nègre, and printing from the stone as in ordinary lithography, by M. Poitevin. We question whether these are not destined to be by far the most important developments of the art of photography as ensuring that close accuracy of form in details, such as those of architectural ornament and objects of the *bric-à-brac* order, which is not so much a quality in the painter's art. In the whole round of copying there is a large and important sphere for photography, and especially in reference to works of ancient art, such as the famous statues of the Greek and Roman times, where the artist who attempts to reproduce them, either in the solid clay or by the pencil, generally fails completely in rendering the peculiar character and style. There is another line in which photography is capable of very interesting and special application, and that is in the exact representation of scenes of poetic and historical interest, as in showing us celebrated battle-fields, or illustrating such localised poems as "The Lady of the Lake." Of this sort of photograph it is to be regretted there are none in the present Exhibition. There are, however, many admirable transcripts of beautiful scenery; and Mr. Bedford's views of places of sacred interest in the Holy Land are the best examples of the application of the art in this direction. The very large photographs of the Egyptian temples at Philæ and the rock-cut temples of Abû Simbel, by M. Henri Cammas, are of the highest value, and perfect as specimens of successful manipulation on so large a scale.

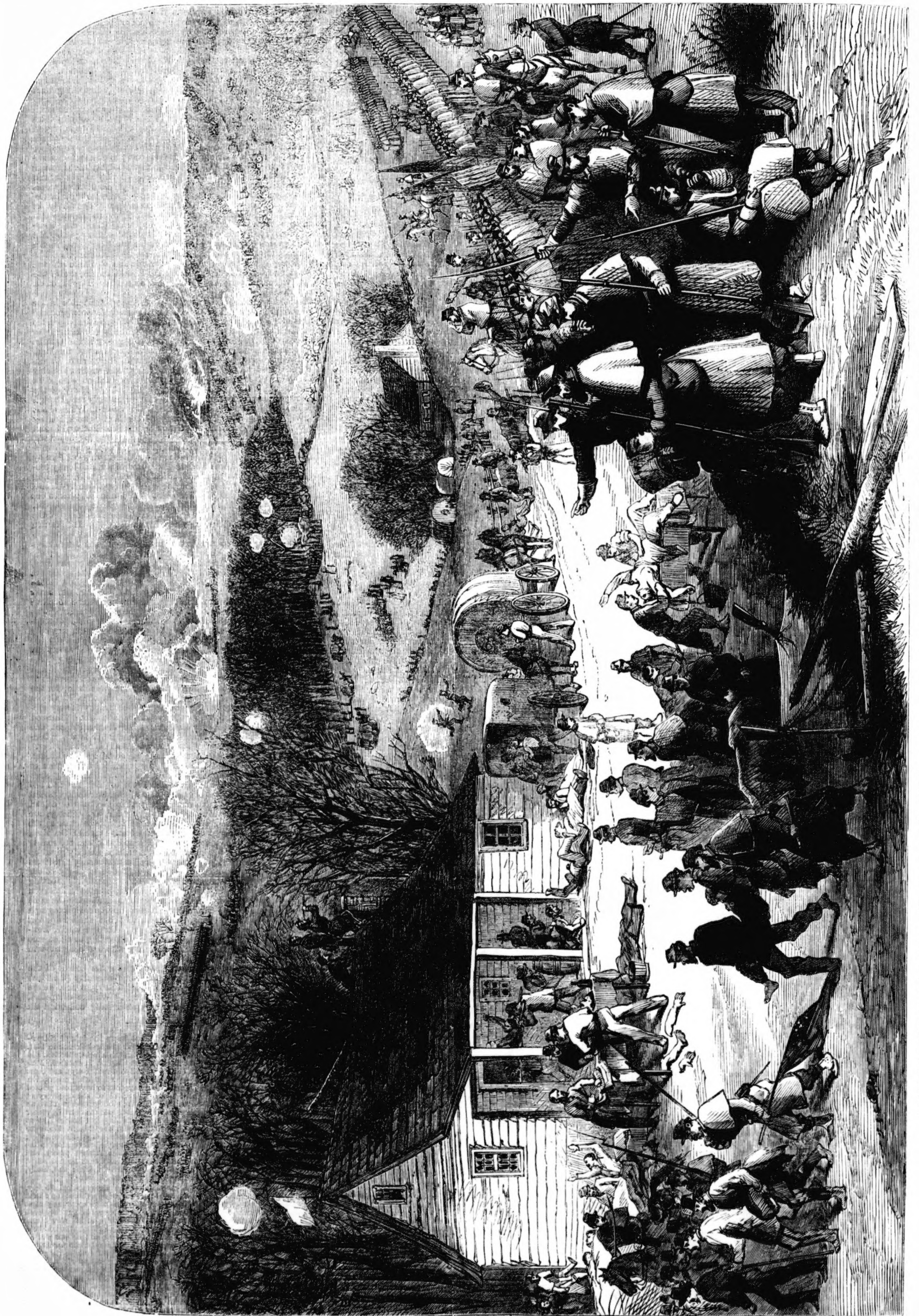
The most remarkable advance in photography noticeable in the collection is in the use of what is called "the instantaneous process." By this means the photographer seems to be able to stamp upon his paper the flying clouds and the rolling sea, without any blurring or confusion of the forms, in really wonderful perfection. Colonel Wortley exhibits many exceedingly beautiful specimens of this kind, far surpassing anything hitherto accomplished. The views of Naples (408), one called "A Sail on a Rough Morning," and another showing the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, with the sky loaded with dark clouds of vapour and ashes, are very remarkable. Many of the stereoscopic views of skies and seas are also surprisingly real, though occasionally less artistic and picturesque. The views in Wales about Bettes-y-Caid, by Mr. Henry White, and the landscapes taken by Mr. J. Mudd, with several at Genoa by Messrs. Fothergill and Bramfil, are some of the best in the exhibition. One large picture, "Esksdale, from Berker Fell" (291), taken by Mr. Mudd by the collodion-albuminous process, is particularly successful. The six views of Nice by Mrs. Verscholle, being taken by the collodion-albuminous and honey process, would indicate that this plan is particularly well adapted for securing delicate atmospheric effects. The views of Corfu, taken by Colonel Shakespeare, by the wet collodion plan, should also be pointed out amongst the most successful achievements of the photographic artist. The tannin process seems to be equally available in the hands of the Hon. W. Vernon and Messrs. Fothergill and Bramfil. Mr. Vernon Heath, too, deserves to be commended with the best of the landscape-photographers. There is, however, much to be got over before these pictures of the sun can be considered upon the same terms as the works of the painter. The flat and foliage appearance of the trees, and the too intense tone of the foliage generally, quite spoils the effect of the picture, much as the detail is to be admired in the middle ground and distance. Photographic pictures can never supply the look of life movement and feeling which the touch of the artist gives throughout his work, and the photographers, who mistake their vocation so far as to be making subjects out of dressed-up figures, and sundry shrivelled greenery and rock-work, are only making themselves ridiculous. The show-windows are already too full of these silly toys, but in this exhibition will be found an elaborate attempt at the pictorial in Mr. Robinson's "Bringing home the May," in which the figures look as if some Gorgon head had suddenly struck them all to stone, while the fairy-like blossoms of the May are anything but flowery. Mr. Lucas shows a fancy for the same kind of nonsense in 261, "The Maid of Llangollen." Copies of pictures are quite a different thing; here photography is very successful, as we see in those by Miss Caldesi and Mr. Thurston Thompson. We noticed only one good example of a subject, and this is scarcely more than a characteristic portrait; it is 69, "Confound the Scrow," a violoncello-player enraged at his pegs slipping.

The admirable portraits, more especially of ladies, by Mr. Claudet, F.R.S., shows that this is altogether the most artistic sphere of photography, admitting of more perfect results and demanding great taste in the treatment of the head and attitude. Nos. 221 and 116 should be examined as perhaps the best of Mr. Claudet's, graceful and fine in treatment and extremely agreeable in the tone of colour. The portraits of Tenyson and Carlyle, by Mr. W. Jefferrey, are equally excellent, gaining at the same time infinite interest as the counterfeit pre-emption of two such representative men of the time. Of the host of cartes de visite it is impossible to speak, and the society have not attempted to catalogue them. A room is entirely given up to these and to the magnified portraits—a class that as they here stand around in every affectation of pompous attitude and gaudy colour might fairly justify the idea of a "bloated aristocracy." Nothing can be more absurd than these and their fellows, painted in imitation of miniatures, all tarred with the same brush, and all with the same family complexion and lustrous eyes. A pure, untouched photograph portrait of a merely hideous and repulsive. On the whole, however, the exhibition will be found extremely interesting to those who practise the art, and not uninteresting to all who are concerned in the study of the fine arts.

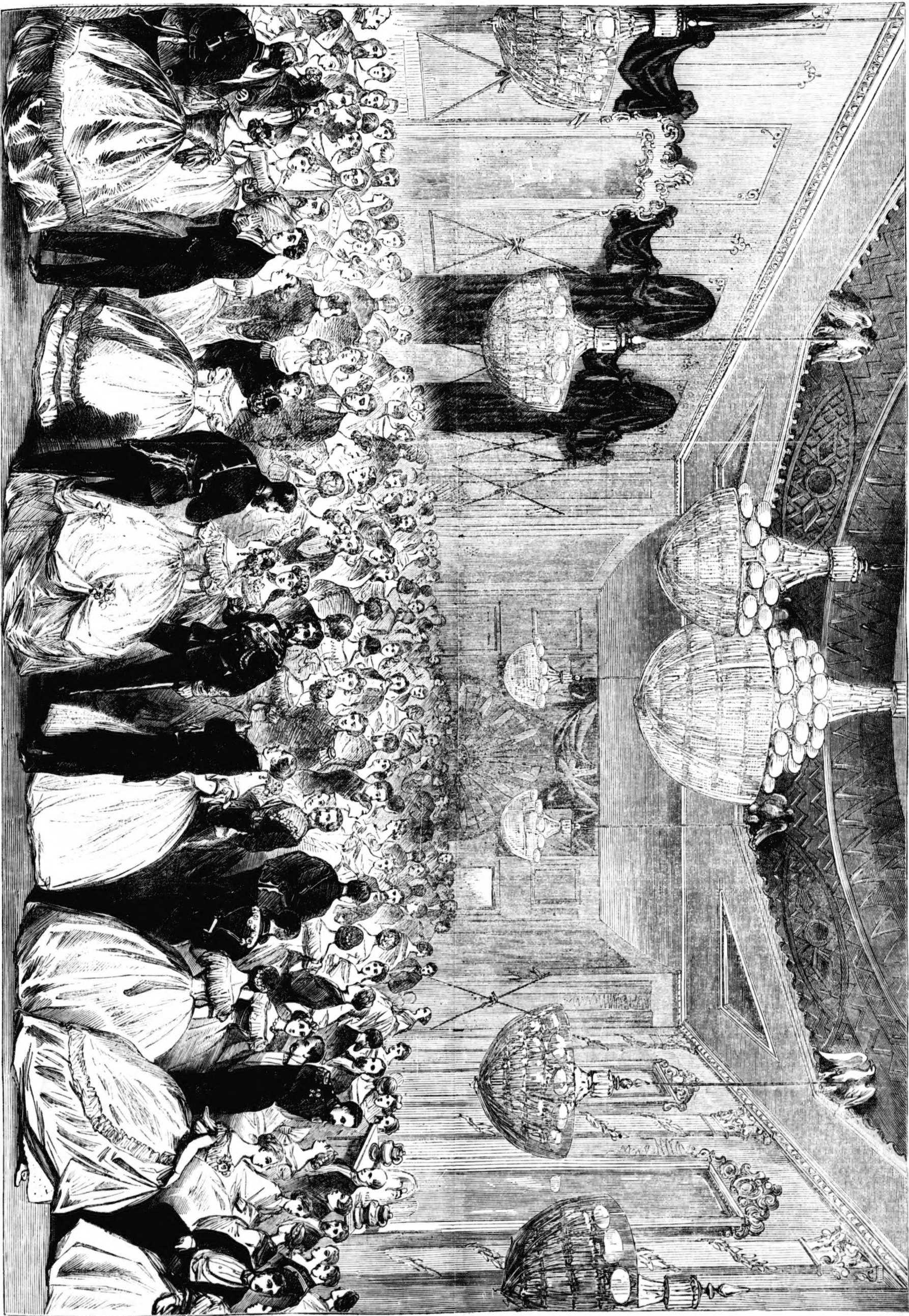
An exhibition of pictures by amateur artists for the benefit of the sufferers in the cotton districts was opened on Wednesday (the 14th) in the two smaller rooms of the Suffolk-street Gallery, which, we are glad to say, promises to be a brilliant success. We are compelled, however, to defer our notice of this very interesting collection till next week.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The first published bears the date of Nuremberg, 1457; the first English one was in 1622; and the first French in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Libri Collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, *Nouvelles d'Espagne et d'Italie* (News from Spain and Italy), and bears the date of February, 1535. The catalogue gave the following description of it:—"An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographers that we have been able to consult. In this printed sheet it is said that the Governor of Panamya (Panama), in the Indies, wrote to his Majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru with a letter from the Regent Francisco Pizarro (Pizarro) announcing that he had taken possession of the country; that, with about 200 Spaniards, infantry and cavalry, he had repaired to the possessions of a great seignior named Cassico (who refused peace), and attacked him, that the Spaniards were the victors, and that he had seized upon 5000 castilians (gold pieces), and of 20,000 silver marks; and, lastly, that he had obtained two millions in gold from the said Cassico."

OCEAN CURRENTS.—At a late meeting of the Geographical Society, Captain Maury, of the Confederate navy, in the course of a discussion on the currents of the ocean, remarked that these currents were apparently most capricious, for sometimes they not only did not run forwards, but they even turned, and ran backwards. When he was at Bermuda, on his way hither from South Carolina, he saw an officer of her Majesty's Navy, who had been cruising for some years on the North American station, and he was told by him that, on his passage from Halifax to Bermuda, he had come across this extraordinary phenomenon; that the Gulf Stream actually ran to the southward and westward. The temperature of the water was all right, but his reckoning was all wrong. On going back he tried it again, taking care to verify his instruments, and, singular to relate, it happened again that the Gulf Stream was not only not running in its usual course, but was running backwards. He thought the action of the Gulf Stream accounted for the mild winter now being experienced in England. It operated like a hot-air furnace in the sea, mitigating the temperature, and, to whatever economy it might be liable in its course, it reached the shores of this country in the long run, influencing its climate.



A BATTLE, AS SEEN BY THE RESERVE: THE ATTACK ON THE CONFEDERATE POSITION AT FREDERICKSBURG SHOWN IN THE DISTANCE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WADE.)—SEE PAGE 37.



GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE OFFICERS OF 9TH LANCERS AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON.—SEE PAGE 35.

OUR FEUILLETON.

AN UNCONSCIOUS POLICE-SPY.

"I MUST be off, and without delay, too. I see that she has parted with her watch—her rings have gone long ago—and she works from morning to night, though a woman's needle is not an instrument to support two persons with. I ought to have gone long ago, but where am I to go without money, without family, and without friends? How can I get out of my difficulty by moving about in the world, with those ways I am no more acquainted than a newborn babe? . . . Never mind, I must go, even if I have to beg my bread on the way and die of hunger before I arrive."

This little monologue was pronounced in the year seven of the Republic, in a little room in the middle of Dijon, inhabited by the late Curé of a village in a neighbouring department. Michel Perrin was the name of this worthy man, who up to the present moment had passed his life praying to heaven, doing good on earth, and cultivating his garden in peace. But the troubles of the Revolution had closed his church, and he found himself deprived by the Government of the small salary formerly attached to his functions, and, moreover, an object of suspicion to the ardent Republicans of his province. He had wandered from village to village, and at last had taken refuge with his sister, Madeleine Perrin, in whose domicile he in fact was when we found him giving utterance to the mournful soliloquy chronicled above. It was evident that she could not support herself and her brother. She had, it is true, invited him herself to share with her the two-roomed barn which she thought fit to entitle her apartments, but it did not take her long to discover that it was easier to provide a man in the full possession of health and strength with lodging than with board.

Not, however, that she evinced the slightest uneasiness as to the future. On the contrary, to have heard her sing as she plied her needle—to have seen the contented, joyful air with which she placed on the table a large tureen of soup, followed by an enormous piece of beef, and called to her brother to come to dinner—you would have fancied that she was supremely happy. But no sooner was she in her bed, and convinced that her brother was fast asleep, than she gave herself up to a host of melancholy ideas which followed one upon the other like the troops of an invading army. She knew that if one of her customers delayed paying her for her work, though only for a few days, she would find herself in a very inconvenient position, and that a week's illness would simply plunge them into the depths of misery. In vain did Madeleine seek to dispel these terrible ideas. More than once the sun rose and recalled her to her work, when she had scarcely closed her eyes during the night.

In spite of all the efforts of his sister, Michel Perrin had discovered the truth, and had resolved to relieve her of the burden of supporting him. He had formed a variety of projects to enable him to gain a few sous himself; but Madeleine would not hear of any thing that tended, in her opinion, to lessen the dignity of the Curé of N—. All she would allow him to do was to give lessons in Greek and Latin, and every person for miles around who happened to have a son, a grandson, or a nephew was solicited by her to have the child instructed in the classics. But somehow or other the taste for the dead languages had itself died out in Dijon and its neighbourhood. Or, perhaps, the inhabitants had not much confidence in the acquirements of a village Curé; or, perhaps, such studies savoured of monarchical times, and were not sufficiently practical. But, however that may have been, one thing is certain—Michel Perrin could get no pupils, and again he said to himself, "I must go." When he perceived, as we have related above, that his sister had been obliged to dispose of her watch in order to satisfy the daily wants of her brother and herself, Michel became determined, and he was sitting with a book open on his knees, thinking not in any manner of the book, but of what he should do to exist after leaving his sister, when the latter exclaimed with a sigh, and as if unconscious that she was speaking aloud,

"How unfortunate that Paris is so far!"

She had repeated this exclamation three or four times, when Michel Perrin thought fit to inquire as to its signification.

"Why, my dear sister?" he asked.

"Why?" she answered. "Oh, it is a long story, and perhaps it would scarcely be worth while telling it to you. Besides, you are reading, I think."

"Begin, all the same," said the Curé. "I am listening to you."

"I have just heard of something which completely astonishes me. Certainly there are some people whose luck is extraordinary."

"That's not our case," said Michel, with a sigh.

"No, but your old schoolfellow Eugène Camus. You know that he went to Paris in search of employment. Well, he has come back with a place in the excise that brings him two thousand francs a year."

"Two thousand francs a year!" cried the Curé. "He is indeed lucky, for I can tell you that this same Eugène Camus was about the laziest and most stupid boy in the College of Jullien."

"Just so, and he was dying of hunger in Paris when another schoolfellow of yours, Joseph Fouché,—of whom you have often spoken to me."

"Ah, quite a different person. He was a keen, clever, sharp-witted boy, and always at the top of the class. He used to help me in my exercises, and I used to fight for him, for he was not strong."

"That has not prevented him from rising in the world all the same. He is a Minister now. Minister of—I forget of what—but, at all events, he is a Minister. They say that Ministers can do anything, and as Fouché's greatest pleasure consists in conferring favours on his schoolfellows—"

"If I were only sure of it," interrupted the Curé.

"But is there not a proof of it in what he has done for Camus?"

"Well, certainly, I might go to Paris and see. Why should I not go? I will go. I will see Fouché; and, as he remembered Camus, who was only two years at Jullien, he will remember me."

"How can you think of taking such a long journey, Michel? Oh no, no. You must not think of it."

"Oh, but I am determined to go, Madeleine; and, for both our sakes, you must not think of opposing me. All I want before starting is two or three crowns for the expenses of the journey. It is but some sixty or eighty leagues, and that, to a good walker, is really nothing."

"And you think I would let you start for Paris with only two or three crowns in your pocket?" exclaimed the poor woman, almost sobbing.

"It is more than I shall want, my dear Madeleine. Something tells me that as soon as I reach Paris I shall have something good to communicate to you."

The poor Curé was so decided that his sister saw it was no use opposing him. And she was also willing to believe that this journey would be an advantageous one. As for Michel himself, he knew that if Fouché failed to serve him he could, at all events, run errands, or chop wood, when Madeleine would no longer be at his side to prevent him.

Two days afterwards Madeleine made her brother's clothes into a bundle and fastened it to the end of a stick, which he was to carry over his shoulder. Then she gave him a rouleau of five-franc pieces, carefully sealed up. There were eight of them, she said, and she would not hear of his starting with less. The brother and sister embraced one another a hundred times, and then with tears and sobbing they separated.

The Curé travelled ten leagues the first day, partly because he was anxious to get to the end of his journey as soon as possible, and partly because he felt the necessity of spending as little as possible on the road.

He was, however, much richer than he had imagined, for on the second day, finding that, although he had lived on bread and cheese, his purse was empty, he unsealed the rouleau, when he was astonished and deeply touched to find that, in addition to the forty francs, it contained three gold pieces. Certainly, Madeleine had had no such sum in her possession. She must have borrowed it, and the Curé resolved not to touch the gold, and on the first opportunity to send it back.

No sooner had Michel arrived in Paris than he set about making inquiries as to Fouché's sanctum and the possibility of seeing him. He found that his old schoolfellow was Minister of Police, that all the ministers gave a public audience once a week, but that it was necessary to write to them beforehand in order to obtain an audience in private.

Accordingly, Michel Perrin lost no time in writing and dispatching the following missive:—

"Michel Perrin begs his old schoolfellow Joseph Fouché to grant him an audience as soon as possible."

"Vale et me ama,"

"Hôtel du Soleil, Rue Mouffetard."

The "Vale et me ama" was intended to remind the Minister that he and the writer had at one time construed Latin in the same class.

The poor Curé waited for about a week without receiving any answer. At length, however, a letter was brought to him bearing the ministerial seal. He opened it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

"The Minister of Police will receive the citizen Michel Perrin on Thursday, at one o'clock."

The Curé sat down and wrote to Madeleine that he was to see the Minister of Police on Thursday, and then walked to the other end of Paris and back again simply from excitement.

When the important day arrived Michel Perrin was so nervous he scarcely knew how to present himself. But he kept repeating to himself that Fouché had been his old schoolfellow, that he had fought for Fouché, that Fouché had done exercises for him, and so on; and at last mustered sufficient courage to present himself at the door of the Ministry and ask the porter to show him the way to the Minister's private apartments.

Fouché was alone, seated at a table which was covered with papers. He had scarcely raised his head and fixed his little ferret's eyes upon his visitor when he exclaimed,

"It was not worth while to send up your name; I should have known you anywhere."

The poor Curé was delighted at this friendly reception, and all his courage returned.

"And as for you, Citizen Minister," he replied, taking the hand which Fouché had extended to him, and shaking it cordially, "I don't think you have changed in the least since we were in the first class together, and old Father Vieil used to give us such terrible impositions to do."

The Minister's countenance seemed to expand at the sight of his old schoolfellow.

"Sit down," he said, as he pushed a chair towards him, "and tell me what you have been doing since we last met."

"For some time," replied the Curé, "I was the happiest of mankind. Soon after taking orders I was fortunate enough to be made Curé of one of the prettiest little villages in Burgundy."

"A poor profession that of Curé, just now," said the Minister, shaking his head.

"So poor, indeed," replied Michel, "that after being turned out of my house I have been wandering about for the last seven years, ruined, persecuted, and only subsisting through the charity of my friends."

"But why did not you try to get something else? You should have looked about you."

"Looked about! Yes, that's very easy to say. First of all, though, you must remember that I had to remain concealed a great part of the time in farmhouses and huts, and wherever I could manage to thrust my head. I believe I was one of the 'suspected.' What I was suspected of, it would perhaps be difficult to say. I am telling you simply what took place in Burgundy and in the little village of which I was Curé."

"And in a great many other places, too," added Fouché. "But when you had no longer any cause to be alarmed for your head you should have begun to think of your purse."

"If I could have filled it by thinking," said Michel, "it would have ceased long ago to be empty."

"And what was the result of your cogitations?"

"I determined to come to Paris."

The Curé said these words with a meaning look, which Fouché interpreted correctly.

"You knew I was a Minister, then?"

"Of course I did."

"And you counted on me?" he added with a smile.

"I did; so much so that I have nothing to hope for from any one else. Employ me as you like; I am ready to do anything. No work will appear too hard for me, provided you can put me in a position to gain my bread."

"Ready to do anything?" repeated Fouché, with a look of surprise.

"You would not object, then, to be employed in my office?"

"Why, that's all I want," answered the Curé, his face beaming with joy.

"It is quite certain that with us you will gain a great deal more money than you ever got from your curacy."

"Indeed!"

"Decidedly. It is not easy for us to find such men as you." And Fouché looked attentively into the honest countenance of Michel Perrin.

"You are a man in whom I can place confidence, whereas with the others—"

Just then the door opened, and a messenger came in to say that the First Consul desired to see the Minister of Police immediately at the Tuileries.

Fouché gathered up his papers, put them hastily into a portfolio, and then wrote two lines on a piece of paper, which he gave to Michel Perrin. Then he took him by the hand, and went almost in one bound from his private room to his carriage.

The note was addressed to Desmarests, chief of the—division, and was in these words:—

"Desmarests will employ Michel Perrin and pay him well."

The poor Curé was transported with joy. In a few minutes he was at the door of Desmarests' office. The divisional chief, of course, behaved with much more importance than the Minister himself, but Michel Perrin, after his friendly interview with the great Fouché, was not to be frightened by one of Fouché's subordinates.

"Sit down," said Desmarests at length. "Is it the Minister's intention that you shall correspond directly with him or with me?"

"He told me nothing about it."

"Then, if he has given no positive direction on the subject, you will correspond with me."

"And when shall I begin?"

"At once. The Minister says you are to be paid well. I shall give you twenty francs a day, and we will begin, if you please, from this morning."

The Curé could scarcely command himself on hearing this good news. He felt inclined to embrace Desmarests, but fortunately restrained himself.

"What am I to do to merit this liberality?" he asked, after a moment's delay.

"I have nothing particular for you to do to-day," answered the chief. "You can come and see me in two or three days, and in the meanwhile talk and walk through the city, go into the cafés and places of amusement, and dine at the best restaurants. Yes, I should advise you to go to the very best restaurants in Paris."

"O, as for the best restaurants," said Michel Perrin, with a smile, "I don't think they will see much of me. They are a great deal too dear for me."

"I understand," answered the chief; "you are not in funds. Never mind, I will pay you a fortnight in advance. That will be enough, I suppose?"

"O, plenty. In fact, I don't know what I've done to deserve it—"

"O, that's nothing. But I'm quite sure the Minister doesn't want me to send you to dine in gargotes and cats'-meat shops."

"What good persons I have fallen amongst," said Michel Perrin to himself.

Desmarests now wrote a few words on a slip of paper. It was an order for fifteen louis. Then, giving it to Michel Perrin, he told him

not to come to him again until Monday unless he had something very important to tell him.

Michel Perrin sent half of his money to Dijon, and then, regretting that his sister was not with him to enjoy the sights of Paris, he began to walk about the capital, which appeared to surpass in magnificence all that he had ever heard of or imagined. Before, when he was without money, the streets seemed dirty and the houses dark and dismal. Now everything appeared splendid, and the cafés and restaurants, into which he entered pretty freely, were like so many enchanted palaces.

On Monday, as had been agreed, he called upon Desmarests, who appeared exceedingly busy.

"Well, what did you see?" inquired the chief, almost without looking up from his papers.

"O, I've been everywhere and seen everything. I was astonished at the richness and magnificence that met my eyes at every step."

"Nevertheless, there are still discontented persons."

"Yes, that's just what an old officer was telling me."

"An old officer?"

"Yes, an old Royalist officer. It appears that he served in the King's body-guard."

"Well, what he did say to you?"

"O, he told me all his history."

"He is what we may call a man of a confident disposition," said Desmarests.

"No. I told him, first of all, something about myself. I said I had been a Curé."

"You said you had been a Curé? Ha! ha! ha! Why not?" the chief.

Michel Perrin looked rather disconcerted. "Why not?" he inquired.

"O, you must excuse me," said the chief; "but really I couldn't help laughing. The fact is, the first moment I saw you I shouldn't have been surprised at your saying you had been a Curé. I should have believed it directly; you have so exactly the look of a man who has been in orders."

"Yes; I have never been able to get rid of that look," said Michel Perrin, "though it has often been very nearly fatal to me."

"Now, however, it is of the greatest use to you: it inspires confidence."

Michel Perrin bowed by way of acknowledging the compliment.

"And I suppose," continued Desmarests, "that the Royalist officer lives on smoke like the rest of his comrades? He has still hopes that the Bourbons may return?"

"Yes; he has, indeed."

"And on what are his hopes founded?"

"Well, he didn't tell me that."

"No; of course he wouldn't until he had seen more of you. However, I suppose you will meet him again?"

"Yes; I promised to play a game at chess with him at the Café Turc—that is to say, if my occupation will not prevent me."

"O, I have nothing for you to do myself; and as I am very busy just now I don't think you can do better than return to the boulevard and meet your Royalist officer, or any other promising acquaintance you may happen to make. Come back on Friday and tell me how you are getting on."

Michel Perrin bowed and left the room. "I have an easy place of it," he said to himself. "Plenty of money and nothing to do. How I wish Madeleine were here." And he continued to wander about Paris, visiting the restaurants and the cafés as before, and wondering where all the gold which decorated them could have been obtained.

On Friday, after waiting in Desmarests' antechamber for about two hours, in the midst of some of the very worst-looking men he had ever seen, he was admitted to another interview with the chief.

"Well," said the latter, "did you meet the officer?"

"No."

"At all events you know his name?"

"He didn't tell me. All he said was that he would meet me and have a game at chess; but I suppose he forgot."

"He saw that you were more than a match for him, I suppose," said Desmarests, shrugging his shoulders.

"No. I told him I was not very expert."

Desmarests stared. "I begin to think you were right," he said to himself. "Well," he added, "you must continue as before and come back on Monday."

Michel Perrin bowed and departed.

If I am to do nothing," he said to himself, "but see the chief twice a week and draw my salary, I may indeed say that I have a light post. And yet they said, when the Republic was established, that sinecures were to be abolished."

On the following Monday Desmarests questioned the Curé rather sharply:—

"Come, what have you been doing?" he inquired.

"Nothing, citizen. As before, I have been walking about Paris and looking at the various sights. Really, the Parisians are an astonishing set of people."

"They are. But what have you observed?"

"Nothing of any importance. I should only weary you, citizen, if I were to tell you all the little things that struck me as I was walking about the city."

Desmarests smiled with astonishment. Then he added:—"I hear that you have been waiting at my door since nine this morning, and it is now twelve. I thought you had something very important to communicate to me."

"No, nothing at all."

"Very good. You will return here to-morrow, if you please."

When Michel Perrin had left the room Desmarests rang the bell. One of the numerous spies who were waiting in the antechamber came in.

"Follow that man who has just gone out," said the chief; "follow him everywhere, and tell me to-morrow what he has been doing."

The spy followed Michel Perrin like his own shadow, and the next day when the Curé presented himself at Desmarests' office, the chief knew what he had been doing even rather better than he knew himself.

"Unless he be either blind or deaf," said Desmarests to himself, "he will be able to tell me something this time."

Michel Perrin entered. He was beginning now to be rather surprised at the interest the chief seemed to take in all his actions. It was complimentary, but at the same time it was rather troublesome.

"How did you pass your day yesterday, Michel Perrin?" said the chief, somewhat sternly.

"Well, really, just like all the others. Walked about the Tuileries gardens, down the Boulevard, into the cafés, and so on. Paris is certainly a very fine city."

"I do not want to know what you were doing yourself, Michel Perrin; nor do I care particularly just now about your opinion concerning the architecture of the capital," answered Desmarests. "I want to know what you observed."

"O, nothing new. I begin to know the place now, and I am not so much struck by one thing and another, as I was when I first arrived."

"This must be either a madman or an idiot," said Desmarests to himself. Then, continuing his examination, he added, "Where did you dine?"

"At the Café Foy. Jullienne soup excellent, fish not particularly fresh, fricandeau"—

"Stop!" exclaimed Desmarests, "you need not go into these details. Where did you take your coffee?"

"At the Café du Caveau."

"And while you were taking your café did you remark nothing?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say you didn't see three young men who were talking very earnestly close to your table?"

"Yes, I remember now. Three young men."

"And didn't you hear them say the most dreadful things against the First Consul?"

"No, I can't say I did. For I saw they were anxious not to be overheard, and moved my cup to another table."

"This is a little too strong!" exclaimed Desmarests. "What, then, do you think you are employed for in my office?"

"Really, that is just what I have been wishing to ascertain for the last fortnight."

"Suff! Don't you know you're a police spy?"

"A spy!"

"Yes, a spy."

The Curé leaped from his chair, with crimson cheeks and lips quivering from excitement.

"But," he began, but then, checking himself, he added, "However, it is not to you I have to speak."

Then he rushed to the house of the Minister of Police, and was told that he was not at home.

"I will wait for him."

"Then wait for him in the street," said the porter.

Michel Perrin went out, but had scarcely reached the other side of the courtyard when he saw Fouché's carriage approaching.

When the vehicle drew up Michel Perrin rushed to the door.

"I must beg for a moment's conversation with you," he said to the astonished Fouché.

"What has taken place, my dear fellow?" said the Minister when they were alone. "Why this agitation? Have you discovered some conspiracy?"

"I have discovered," replied Michel Perrin "that you have deceived me with an old friend. Poor as I am, and rich and powerful as you are, I should be sorry to have done what you have done to me."

"May I die if I know in the least what you mean."

"Did you not give your instructions to Citizen Desmarests?"

"Certainly; and he even told me that you did not earn your money particularly well."

"Money! Ah, that's what drives me to despair. I sent half of it to my sister and cannot return it to you."

"Who wants you to return it, you donkey? As long as I choose to employ you, do you think Desmarests has any right to interfere?"

"Employ me! What, as a spy?" cried Michel Perrin, as red as fire.

"It seems to me that your scruples present themselves rather late in the day. When a man has been a fortnight in the secret police—"

"And did I ever know it?" exclaimed the poor Curé.

"What!—really? You didn't know? And you have only just found it out?"

And, struck by the absurdity of the situation, the Minister burst into a fit of laughter.

"How should I have found it out," said Michel Perrin, "unless your man had just told me?"

"Well, it's well that we understand one another at last. But really, Michel, didn't you tell me that you were dying of hunger, and were willing to do anything?"

"Yes; I would have polished your floors, cleaned your boots, brushed your clothes, done anything, in short, that an honest man might do." And as he uttered these words the poor Curé raised his head, which grief and misery had already covered with grey hair.

It now has an influence even on those who have lost their own. Fouché laughed no longer. "This has been all a mistake," said he, and gave his hand once more to his old schoolfellow. "Let us remain friends, the more so as I have excellent news to give you. You can have your curacy again."

"This is another of your jokes," said Michel Perrin.

"No, indeed. Public worship has been re-established by order of the First Consul."

The poor Curé was nearly beside himself with joy.

"And now I advise you to return to Dijon without delay," added Fouché. "The people here are a great deal too cunning for you, and your sister must be dying to see you. In the meanwhile you must live. Take this from a friend who will be always ready to serve you, and who is sorry for having offended you." And the Minister offered him a rouleau of twenty-five louis.

"No, no," said the Curé, hastily; "I will not touch the money."

Fouché laughed. "You really can't imagine," he said, "that it is given to you for services performed? I ask you to accept it from me, your old schoolfellow, for yourself and your sister."

"Give it to me, then," said Michel Perrin, with emotion. "I will not refuse the gift of an honest man."

Fouché suppressed a sigh. "Adieu!" he said. "Go back to Dijon."

A few weeks afterwards Michel Perrin was reinstated in his curé. Madeleine managed his house, and the brother and sister again knew the blessings of moderate comfort and tranquillity. Michel Perrin was much respected and much liked by the members of his flock, and Madeleine, who was naturally fond of approbation, was pleased at the respectful attention of the peasants in taking their hats off whenever they met her.

"Ah!" the Curé would then reply with a smile, "these good people little know that for a fortnight I was a police spy." H. S. E.

MEDIEVAL IRON HANDS AND ARMS.

(See Engraving on page 45.)

It has been the practice of late years to assert that we moderns can claim credit for very few things which are really new, as most of our so-called inventions are as old as the hills; and, true it is, that in the course of antiquarian inquiry we are every now and then coming across things which a brief while ago we were accustomed to regard as perfect novelties.

Even since the beginning of the present century numerous important discoveries have been made from which we have derived a truer estimate of the nations and manners of antiquity than we had previously been able to form. Sculptured representations have been brought to light which show us their warlike strategy, the nature of their religious observances, their everyday occupations and amusements, the fashion of their dresses and armour, and the fittings of their houses. From these we can tell how the Assyrians stormed a city, carried their captives into slavery, sacrificed to their idols, hunted in a "mighty" manner, brought down any number of heads of game, baked a loaf of bread, or cooked a joint of butcher's meat; and in the long-buried cities near Mount Vesuvius any one may see, almost in a complete state, the streets, houses, and shops of a people that existed two thousand years or so ago.

These discoveries certainly prove that some degree of similarity exists between the domestic economy of the ancients and our own; yet, although among multitudes of old things we occasionally find some that have been thought new, we have not yet dug up, nor are we likely so to do, evidences of the former invention of the electric telegraph, the steamship, the locomotive, and the printing press.

We do not know who it was in modern times that introduced and brought to perfection artificial arms and legs such as are now in use, but have no doubt that the ingenious mechanic who was, as he thought, first in the field, entertained a sincere belief that he had invented a new thing. The illustrations on a succeeding page will show that such was not the case, and that three centuries ago the armourer, as the most skilful workman of former times, was employed in operations similar to those of the surgical instrument maker of our own day, among which seems to have been the contrivance of substitutes for lost limbs. A few of these curious relics are still to be found in the collections of the English and Scotch nobility and gentry, and one of the most remarkable of them is preserved by the family of Clephens, of Carslogie, near Cupar, in Fife. This is a hand and arm constructed of iron or steel, which has been in the possession of the family from time immemorial. Tradition says that it belonged to a laird of the place, who received it from a King of Scotland in consequence of having lost his hand in the service of his country. In the "Border Antiquities" there is some account of this iron hand, and of the house of Carslogie itself, which is distant about a mile from Cupar, and which Sir Walter Scott describes as a stronghold of great antiquity. Colin Clephens, the proprietor at that time (1815), was the twentieth of the name who in regular descent had been possessed of the estate.

The Clephens, in times of turbulence and disorder, leagued with the old and neighbouring family of Scots, or Scotsarvit, whose stronghold was situated about two miles distant from Carslogie. On the approach of an enemy being discerned from the battlements of either castle, the one of the allies who first made the discovery sounded a horn for the purpose of alarming his neighbour and announcing the direction in which the hostile force was approaching; when both families, with their dependents, were immediately under arms. There are charters belonging to the Clephens family older than the reign of Robert I.; but the subject of our engraving certainly cannot lay claim to anything like this antiquity; and although the particulars of its origin, except so far as the above-mentioned tradition explains it, has been forgotten, it is probably not older than the middle of the sixteenth century. It is said to have been of Italian workmanship, but there seems to be no special authority for this statement. Each joint moves, and is supplied with a catch, so that when bent the fingers might clench a weapon. The iron arm in the late Sir S. R. Meyrick's collection is of a more rude construction, and has no finger-joints. It is probably not so old as the other.

The iron hand of Carslogie, as shown in the Engraving (No. 3), is a transcript from the representation of it given in the *Archæological Journal*; but it certainly must have been in some way renovated and altered, for in the "Border Antiquities" it is figured without a thumb, and Sir Samuel Meyrick describes it as being deficient of this member. The figure (No. 1) from the "Border Antiquities" shows the interior machinery of the Carslogie hand.

The iron hand and arm of the famous Götz, or Gotsfried, of Berlichingen, who died in 1562, is preserved at Jananusen. This curiosity is renowned throughout Germany, and was manufactured at Heilbron, on the Neckar. Götz was a warrior of great prowess, and took a prominent part in the conflicts of his time—particularly in the war of the peasants of Franconia and Swabia against the bishop and nobles; and his life, written by himself, is a curious picture of his age. Goethe has dramatised the principal events.

There is an account, with several engravings, of the iron arm of Gotsfried, in a volume by Marthurin Jousse, called "Art du Serrurier," published at Berlin in 1815; but we have failed to find a copy of this well-known work in the British Museum library.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

HAVE you just half an hour to spare,
To trifle away o'er a broken toy?
A toy that women will break, or wear;
The earliest gift of a girl to a boy?
Here's the key of some secrets. Jack,
Half asleep, will be musing some time.
Let us learn, till his soul comes back,
All that has marred his golden prime.

At fifteen years he flirted a bit:
That's nothing—men often do so at five.
Katherine's just the same when a kit,
She'll love to love so long as alive.
And when the flame has fled from the wick
Her ashes will glow with their "wonted fire;"
The dead are ever disturbing the quick,
The truth is ever confronting the liar.

Several spurious broken hearts,
Journeys by land, sailings o'er sea,
Jack endured and enjoyed by starts
And fits that you would have laughed to see.
Some of his "flames" are living yet,
Married and single; and one—more hot
Than any of you would care to bet—
Went out, leaping up like a man when shot.

There's a phase of life philosophers feel
When swearing they've not yet had their chance;
And the evening ends, both jig and reel,
And they haven't enjoyed a single dance.
Whilst waiting yourself for the girl in black,
The girl with daisies flirts with—her brother!
Whilst Jessie ogles that Captain O'Whack,
Her orange-blossoms are lost by her lover.

Best always to strike while the iron glows.
Jack gave only a gentle tap,
Ran away laughing, where nobody knows,
Or cried himself to sleep—just a nap.
Fortune or fame, or peace of thought,
(As Shelley sings) might have been his own;
But he plucked the latest petal—'twas fraught,
Like Marguerite's, with a woe unknown.

"But the time will come, at last it will,"
(See "Evelyn Hope") and to Jack it came—
As every Jack must have his fill—
So Jack was burnt by a fatal flame.
The Ever-Searching at last turned up
A trump: a trump for the hand that wins:
Filled to the brim was his "happiness cup,"
And that's where his story ends and begins.

Begins; for his life was just awake
When the real love's life went down to its tomb;
No more for him anyone's "true sake,"
Or a lover's glow, or a lover's gloom.
There he sleeps in a rocking-chair,
Whilst we've been reading his secrets close—
Dreams of the loved, the lost, the fair,
To wake to a world, like himself, morose. E. F. B.

CONCERNING SURNAMES.

THEIR ORIGIN.

THE first trace of surnames in history is said to be found in the pact made between the Romans and the Sabines, in which a special clause was inserted that the Romans should add to their own names a Sabine name, and that the Sabines should, in like manner, take a Roman name in addition to their own.

This new name, which became the family or surname, was known as the *Cognomen*, in addition to which there were the *Nomen*, the distinguishing appellation of the clan to which the family belonged, and the *Prenomen*, the particular name of the individual, equivalent to our present Christian name.

Amongst the Hebrews surnames were unknown. To preserve the memory of their tribes the custom was to take in addition the name of the father, as Melchi ben Addi, Melchi the son of Addi. The Greeks adopted the same system, as will be seen by referring to Homer. The Russians also used this method, as Peter Alexiowitz, Peter the son of Alexis. It was the same with the Welsh, only, in course of time, for the sake of euphony and brevity, the *a* in *ap* was omitted, and Evan *ap* Rice, Evan the son of Rice, became Evan Price. In like manner, the *Mac* of the Scottish Highlanders, the *O'* of the Irish, and the *Fitz* of the Normans (this latter being a corruption of the French *fil*), all signify *son of*. For instance—Macpherson, the son of the parson; O'Connor, the son of Connor; and Fitzwilliam, the son of William. The Scandinavian races expressed the same thing by an affix—as, Anderson, the son of Andrew.

Scaliger tells us that the Arabs, on the contrary, take their fathers' name, without preserving their own; as Aven Pace, Aven Zoar; the son of Pace, the son of Zoar. If Pace had a son, who, at his circumcision, was called Haly, he would still go by the name of Aven Pace, but the children of Haly would be called Aven Haly.

The Romans in process of time greatly multiplied their surnames to distinguish the particular branches of a family. They, moreover,

occasionally added a third (known as the *Agnumen*), to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable action or event, such as *Africanus* assumed by Scipio, and *Torquatus* by Manlius.

The *Agnumen* of the Romans was imitated by other nations with the object of particularising their various Princes. For instance—Edmund Ironside, William Rufus, Edward the Black Prince, Harold Harefoot, Philippe le Hardi, Philippe le Bel, William the Bastard, Louis le Debonnaire, John Lackland, &c. These names being personal were not adopted by their descendants. Another form of name had no reference to either the *nomen*, *cognomen*, or *agnomen* of any branch of the family; of these Valois, Bourbon, Hapsburg, Oldenburg, &c., to distinguish the races of the Kings of France, Emperors of Germany, and Kings of Denmark, may be cited as examples. Sometimes, however, these names had a reference to one of the three, as Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, &c.

Surnames began to be adopted in England under the reign of Edward the Confessor, but did not become general until the reign of Edward II.; for, previously, the same custom obtained as existed amongst the Hebrews, Greeks, Celts, and other Northern races, such as John Richardson, John the son of Richard; this, in the beginning, however, was a custom principally confined to the lower classes; the higher ranks added the name of their estates, of which fact abundant evidence is to be found in Doomsday Book. The middle classes took the names of their trades, profession, or offices, as *Gulielmus Camerarius*, William Chamberlain.

SINGULAR SURNAMES.

The Rev. W. Cole, an antiquary of the Dryadist school, whom Horace Walpole made considerable use of, and who toadied Horace Walpole in return, was engaged for a long period in forming a collection of singular names, with the view of producing an essay on the subject. Possibly the essay in question still exists among the bales of manuscripts left by him to the British Museum, and which nobody nowadays ever thinks of referring to. He contemplated doing what Mr. Mark Antony Lower has since done so ingeniously, namely, classifying names under different heads. One division was to have consisted of names of trades and occupations, such as Baker, Butcher, Barber, Smith, &c.; a second of things, as Buckle, Box, Bone, Boot; a third of animals, as Bull, Hog, Pig, Fox, Lamb; a fourth of birds, as Dove, Duck, Sparrow, Partridge, Pigeon, Wren, Swan; a fifth of fish, as Salmon, Roach, Waddock, Sprat, Pike; a sixth of fruits and flowers, as Peach, Pear, Plum, Rose, Violet, Lily; a seventh of colours, as Black, White, Brown, Green, Grey. How Mr. Cole intended to classify the host of other singular names which he must have taken notes of we are unaware. Some of the more remarkable compound ones would have puzzled him in this respect, although their origin may be evident enough. That Mr. Thoroughgood and Mr. Goodenough were originally both very respectable personages no one, we think, would gainsay. The first Mr. Merryweather and Mr. Fairweather were, in all probability, farmers; though this may, perhaps, be open to a doubt. It is, however, quite certain that Mr. Gotobed must have been a man of very regular habits, and Mr. Gatherall a great economist. Mr. Long and Mr. Short, and Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Heavy-side probably presented as striking contrasts in their persons as did Mr. Grave and Mr. Gay in their thoughts, Mr. Quick and Mr. Slow in their movements, Mr. Gathergood and Mr. Scattergood in their habits, and Mr. Playfair and Mr. Swindle in their morals. Mr. Hogsflesh was unquestionably a pork-butcher; Mr. Tripe, too, was most likely in the same line of business; Messrs. Eatwell, Gram, Swallow, and Greedy qualified every man of them for the aldermanic gown, and would have been fit representatives of the ward of Portsoken, we should say. Mr. Coldman and Miss Chillumaid, we expect, made a match of it. Mr. Strangeways must have been an eccentric individual; and Messrs. Sweetman and Sweetsir were great favourites, we should fancy, with the fair sex. Mr. Moody and Mr. Jolly did not, we expect, get on very well together; Mr. Drinkwater was evidently a teetotaler, and Mr. Tippler precisely the reverse. Filpot, however he may spell his name now, must have been originally a tapster; and as for Brag and Bounce we know perfectly well what manner of men they in all probability were; while as regards Badman, Evil, Idle, Sly, and Scamp, they must unquestionably have been a bad lot at the beginning whatever they may chance to be now. There are hundreds of other names rational enough and capable of explanation; but what can we make out of Twelvrees, Thirkettle, Thimbleby, Thickbroom; or Bumpus, Gammon, Snooks, and Sheepbanks.

Partnerships frequently bring about a curious junction of names, such as Bowyer and Fletcher (from the French *flecher*, an arrow), Carpenter and Wood, Flint and Steel, and Sage and Gosling. Rumfit and Outwell, two names common enough in the Directories, have not yet been joined together as a tailoring firm; nor has Mr. Punch thought proper to take Mr. Toby into partnership. An individual's name frequently assimilates very happily with his occupation—such as Rideout, a livery-stable keeper; Lightfoot, a dancing-master; Trunk, a boxmaker; and Tugwell, a dentist. May the same be said of Slaughter and Butcher, the surgeons? It certainly may of Death and Coffin, the undertakers. H. V.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

It is a vulgar notion that some names are necessarily noble and romantic, while others are necessarily mean and base. Names are beautiful only in their associations. Worth, valour, genius, learning, have converted syllables into poems, and words into histories. Look the "British Peerage" through, and in that bright list there is, perhaps, not one which does not seem to the eye and the imagination picturesque. Yet in their beginnings most of them had nothing in sound or spelling that could be considered glorious. Howard is a Hogward; Seymour is a tailor; Leicester is a weaver; Percy is a gross fellow; Butler is a cellarman; Stuart is a domestic servant. Vane, Vere, Hyde, and Pole sound the reverse of heroic. Hay is not intrinsically nobler than Straw. How is it, then, that Hay has come to represent the pink of aristocracy, Straw the lowest of vulgar cheats? Simply by association. Would the complainants like to have been originally called Blent, Craven, or Gore? There is nothing in Grey more attractive than in Brown, as to either sound or letters; indeed, Grey is a shade or so less vigorous than its rival Brown. Would any one like to have been known as Roper or Touchet if these familiar names had never been immortalised by worthy deeds? We do not know that Gimlet has a more familiar look than Bacon, Petty, Peel, and Pitt. Yet these have become by association some of the most reverential and gracious of English names. Milton, Sackville, and Shelley are not necessarily aristocratic and poetical; neither are Churchyard, Fuller, Kidd, Quarles, Donne, Bowles, Savage, Quincey, and Dickens, and yet these names are now household words, borne by some of the choicest of our national poets and humorists. Not much better as to sound are Cowper, Lamb, and Bulwer. People used to laugh and joke at Cecil. Talbot and Talmash would be considered vulgar. Every one considers Raleigh a romantic name, but in Sir Walter's time it was open to very bad puns. The same with Drake, Coke, too, would be thought low, had it never been illuminated by the author of the "Institutes" and the owners of Holkham. Had there been no erudite giant of that name, would not Cheeke have been voted intolerable? In truth, scarcely anything depends on the letter, everything on the connection of ideas. Solomon was the wisest of men, and his name is one of the noblest in literature; yet no prudent father, unless he were a Jew, would give it to his child, because in the present generation it happens to be ludicrously associated with old clothes. In its Saracenic form of Solyman it would still be considered magnificent. A current jest will destroy the picturesque beauty of the most famous names; a living Pompey would be set down as a nigger, a living Caesar treated as a dog. Cymon is a name which would attract the female eye, and, perhaps, even reconcile it to the adjunct Smith. Mrs. Cymon Smith would have an air upon a card! But the fine feminine instinct would recoil from Simon. And why this difference? Is it not because Cymon is associated with Iphigenia, and Simon with the simpleton who met a pie-man coming from the fair? One of the objectionable names, to remove which from the face of the earth all gods and men are called to aid, is Villian. Yet the Hogwards and Stywards were all Villians; and one of the proudest houses of Europe, that of Count Villian the Fourteenth, rejoices in the obnoxious name—*Athenarum*.



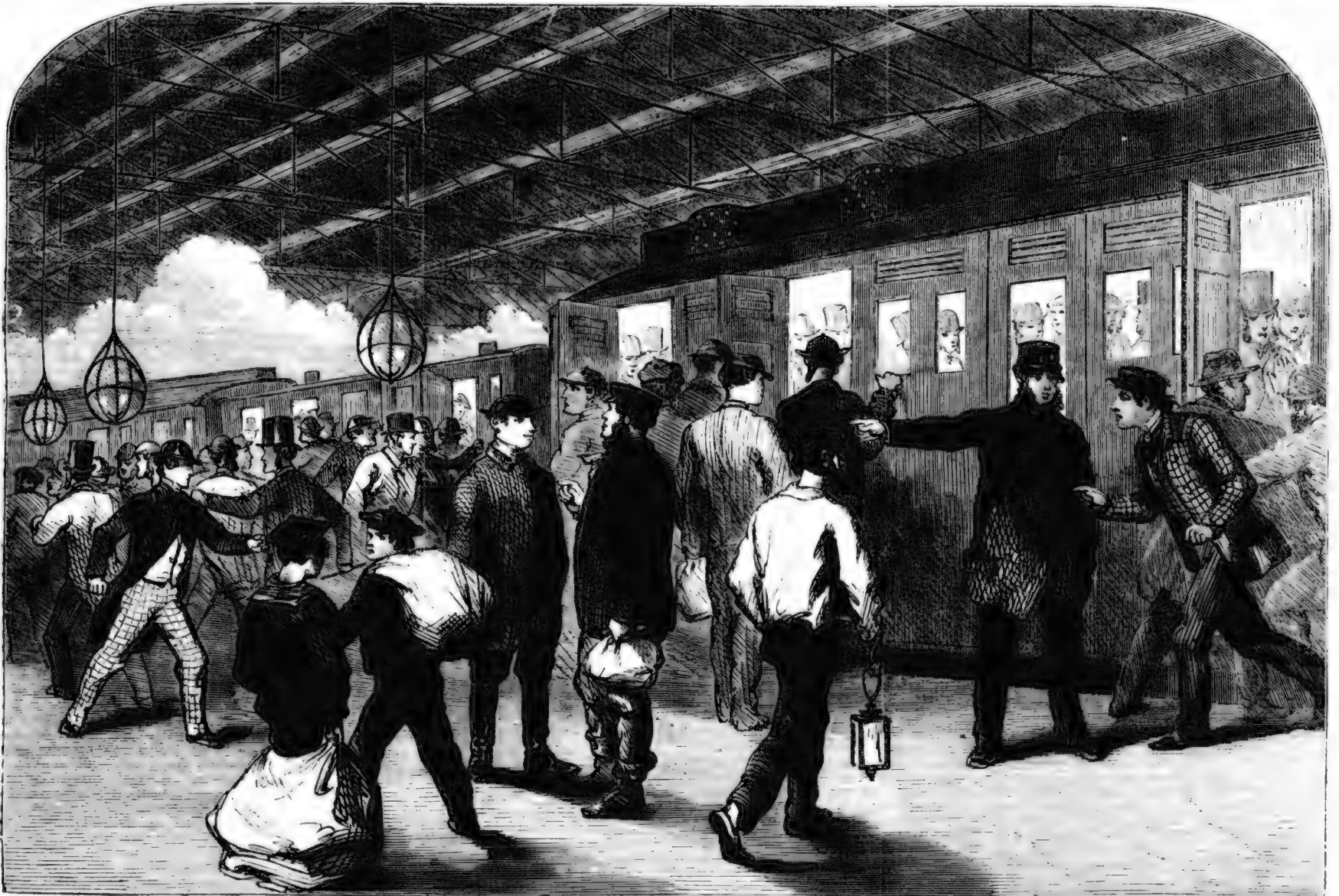
DELAWARE INDIANS ENLISTED IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

INDIANS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

In the contest now raging between the people of the Northern and Southern States of America some few of the descendants of those wild warriors who took part in the first American War are occupying

the position of auxiliaries on the side of the Federals. Semi-civilised, and conforming to those European habits before which their race has almost died out, the Delaware still has a camp of his own, and rouses himself with something of his old instinct at the sound of battle. Very different in appearance from the painted but noble savage with

whom we are familiar under the name of Chingachgook, or Uncas, the representatives of the great tribe which once occupied the peninsula between the bays of Chesapeake and Delaware and bore the turtle as its insignia consist of a few men who, without having entered fully into the advantages of civilisation, are at the same time



THE FIRST PUBLIC TRAIN FROM PADDINGTON TO FARRINGTON-STREET ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

but little influenced by the legendary prowess of their race. This is, of course, so much the better for those who may be their neighbours; and it is immeasurably more desirable that they should be progressing in agriculture and the rudimentary knowledge necessary to be acquired before they are altogether absorbed into the American nation than that they should remain a horde of blood-thirsty and half-starved wanderers. Still it is to be lamented that the living representatives of this old tribe should have the embers of their fierce instincts relighted by a struggle in which they cannot bear a part even so excusable as that which they sustained in the original struggles of their own against a rival tribe.

OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

THE Metropolitan Railway was opened to the public on Saturday last, and many thousands indulged their curiosity in reference to this mode of travelling under the streets of the metropolis. The trains commenced running as early as six o'clock in the morning from the Paddington (Bishop's-road) station and the Farringdon-street terminus, in order to accommodate workmen, and there was a goodly muster of that class of the public who availed themselves of the advantages of the line in reaching their respective places of employment. At eight o'clock the desire to travel underground in the direction of the City began to manifest itself at the various stations along the line; and by nine it became evident to the authorities that neither the locomotive power nor the rolling stock at their disposal was at all in proportion to the requirements of the opening day. From this time, and throughout the morning, every station became crowded with anxious travellers, who were admitted in sections; but poor were the chances of a place to those who ventured to take their tickets at any point below Baker-street, the occupants being, with but very rare exceptions, "long distance" or terminus passengers. This circumstance tended to increase the numbers at every station every minute, until there became sufficient to fill to overflowing any train of empties which might be sent.

Probably the greatest point of attraction was King's-cross. At this point during the morning the crowds were immense, and the cry was constant as the trains arrived of "No room." Between eleven and twelve, at this station, and continuously for the space of an hour and a half,



W. T. PALIOLOGUS, ESQ., REPRESENTATIVE OF THE EMPERORS OF THE EAST.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

for duty, and their places had to be supplied by porters and others from the King's-cross station. It is expected, however, that means will be found to obviate this inconvenience for the future. None of the passengers were at all affected, though some little delay in forwarding one train occurred; and in other respects the opening of the line was satisfactorily accomplished.

W. T. PALIOLOGUS' ESQ.

NUMEROUS as are the instances we here and there meet with in the page of history, and collectively in the fascinating volumes of Sir Bernard Burke, noting the downfall of great and illustrious houses, there is probably not one more striking than the descent of "the mighty Palaeologi" from long-enjoyed Imperial dignity to absolute obscurity.

Although the name and renown of the Palaeologi are conspicuous in history for some 300 years before, it was not until the close of the thirteenth century that they attained that empire of the East which, swayed with more or less honour by eight of the family in succession, they held till 1453. The previous dynasty of the Comneni owed its rise to George Palaeologus in the middle of the eleventh century, and from that period Byzantine history is replete with the records of the eminent

services of this great race, both in the field and the Cabinet. The title of the Palaeologi to Imperial rule arose from the marriage of Alexius Palaeologus with Irene, daughter of the Emperor Alexius, of the House of the Angeli. The great grandson of this marriage was Michael Palaeologus, styled by Gibbon "the most illustrious in birth and merit of the Greek nobles," who in 1261 became sixty-third Emperor of Constantinople, a dignity enjoyed, as stated above, by eight of his name and house. The tragic and heroic end of Constantine XII.—the last Palaeologus, and the last Emperor of the East, who fell gloriously in the defence of his country in 1453, is a favourite and well-known incident in Grecian history. In that year Mahomet II. placed the empire under that yoke which it took nearly 400 years and the Battle of Navarino to throw off; and in this interval the family of the Palaeologi sunk so low in the social scale as to become unknown, unrecognised, and forgotten. The Emperor Constantine XII. left five brothers, from whom descended three or four lines of Palaeologi, which all survived to a comparatively recent period. One branch immediately after their downfall went to Italy, possibly on account of the "Epiat. ad. J. Palaeologum ut in Italiam ad Synodum naviget," which was addressed to James (query, John) Palaeologus by George Trapezuntius, an eminent modern Greek writer, who died in 1484. At Landulph, near Saltash, in Cornwall, other descendants of the Imperial stock both lived and died. The monument of Theodore Palaeologus still existing there, surmounted by the ensigns of empire, records his lineal descent from the Emperor Manuel II. He left five children. His three sons were all worthy of their great name, and in the military service of this country seemed to aim at and emulate the eulogium passed on their illustrious kinsman, the Emperor Constantine, who is said to have "accomplished all the duties of a soldier." The eldest son, an officer in Lord St. John's regiment, died unmarried; the second and third both fought at Naseby on the side of the King, the elder there losing his life. The surviving and youngest brother married and left a son, who, dying in infancy, became the last of the English branch of the Palaeologi. One of the two daughters of Theodore Palaeologus married one of the Arundells, and is described in the marriage register (noted by Sir B. Burke) as "de stirpe Imperatorum." A third branch of the Palaeologi remained in Greece, a scion of which was a late Greek Consul at Constantinople, who



M. BROUFOS, MEMBER OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AT ATHENS.

the money takers refused to book passengers between King's-cross and Farringdon-street, but they issued tickets between that station and Paddington. At twelve o'clock the clerks informed the public, who were then assembled to the number of some 500 to 600 at King's-cross, that there were enough people at Paddington to fill four trains in succession; and that, therefore, their instructions were to issue no Farringdon-street tickets for an hour. Whilst, however, all the tendency of the traffic was towards the Farringdon-street terminus during the morning, the public were enabled to proceed westward with but little inconvenience.

Towards afternoon the tide set in the other way, and in the approaches to the trains at Victoria-street the crowds were similar to the crush at the doors of a theatre on the first night of a pantomime. Between one and two o'clock thousands of would-be travellers by the new route were collected outside the Victoria-street terminus, and when the outer doors were opened, which was only at intervals, the rush was tremendous, and on reaching the ticket-office the difficulty of obtaining a ticket was great. The platform gained, the next grand struggle was for a seat in the incoming and presently outgoing train. Classification was altogether ignored, the holders of No. 1 being obliged to be compelled to go in No. 3, or not at all, and vice versa. Hundreds on each occasion, however, had to be left behind to take their chance of the next train in rotation. Between 30,000 and 40,000 persons were carried over the line in the course of the day. Once in motion all appeared to be right, the riding very easy, and a train which left Farringdon-street at 2.15 reached King's-cross station at 2.18 (a little over a mile), bringing up at the platform in three minutes. Gower-street was reached at 2.25, Portland-road at 2.30, Baker-street at 2.36, Edgware-road at 2.42, and the terminus at Paddington at 2.48: thus performing the journey in 33 minutes, including stoppages at the various stations. There were other journeys performed which were longer, reaching over 40 minutes, but the time above specified may be taken as about the average time of the running of the trains throughout the day.

On Sunday the pressure was nearly as great, and engines and carriages not specially constructed for working on the line had to be brought into requisition in order to afford sufficient accommodation for the public. In consequence of this, some inconvenience from steam and smoke was experienced in the tunnels; and on Sunday evening it was discovered that the ventilation of some parts of the line, particularly the station at Gower-street, was so imperfect that several of the company's servants became affected with sickness, giddiness, and even insensibility; indeed, to such an extent did this occur that at one period all the officials at the station mentioned were incapacitated

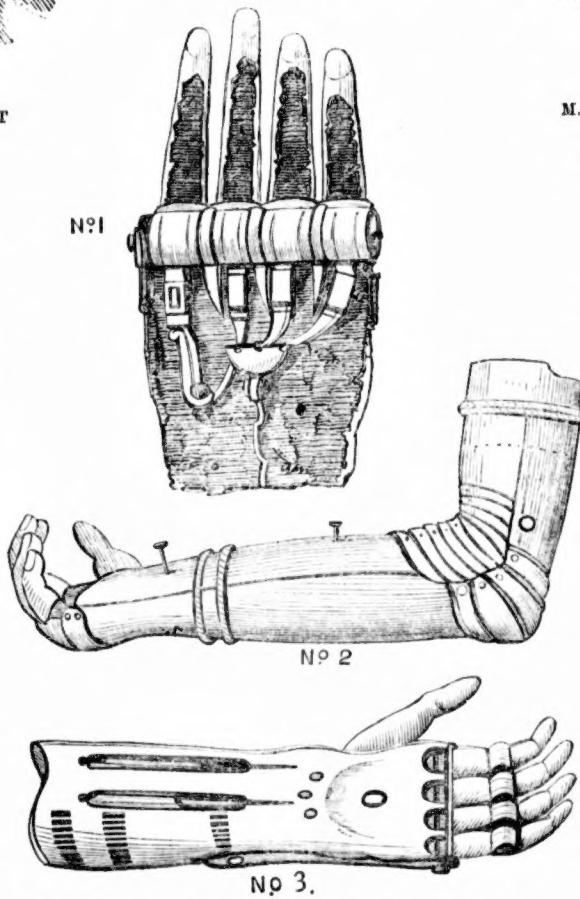


M. KATZIEPOULOS, SECRETARY TO THE GREEK PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

was accidentally drowned, and Mr. Palaeologus, the grandfather of the subject of our notice, who, about eighty years since, settled in Calcutta. Here he was nicknamed and known as "Moriety," a term similar to our "Cockney," and indicating his origin in the Morea. Mr. Palaeologus (by Indian corruption, "Paliologus") always preserved and kept up the tradition and evidences of his illustrious descent; and, marrying a daughter of Kolonos, left an only surviving son, the late Nicholas Paliologus, a lawyer (notary public) at Calcutta, who, by Miss Mary Jane Sophia Driver, his wife, was father of the present William T. Paliologus, Esq.

When, after their freedom from the Turkish yoke, the Greeks, as at this moment, were seeking a King, a strong feeling arose in favour of placing the Palaeologi again on the throne, and the Provisional Government sent a deputation to seek them out in Italy, Cornwall, and other places where it was thought they might be found. As their search was not extended to Calcutta, where the only existing descendants still flourished, their errand was fruitless, and Otho of Bavaria was, in an unlucky hour, chosen as the ruler of Greece.

On the very day on which Navarino was fought and won, the day on which his country again became free, Mr. Paliologus was born at Calcutta—a fact in his history as remarkable as it is interesting and, as many would think, significant. His father dying in 1840, he, then in his thirteenth year, was sent to England and placed under the private tutorship of the Rev. Mr. Walter, Incumbent of St. Petrock's, Dartmouth. In 1846 he matriculated at the University of London, and returned the same year to India, in the hope of being able to follow and carry out the bent of his inclination, the long-cherished wish of his life—to return to Greece and devote his services to that country, which he felt had so much claim to them. Mr. Paliologus was unable to do this. Circumstances obliged him to return back to England in 1847 and adopt some profession. Coming to London, he studied medicine and surgery, and passed his examination in 1851, from which time till 1854 he travelled in various parts of the world, at times professionally, but generally with a view of enlarging his experience and satiating a love for travel. On the 1st of September, 1854, Mr. Paliologus received a commission on the medical staff of the Army and proceeded to the Crimea. In this position, or attached to the 77th Regiment, he continued during the whole of that campaign. It was at a ball at Smyrna that his name attracted considerable notice and gossip. While scarcely home from the Crimea, Mr. Paliologus was again ordered off, in 1857, with the 34th Regiment to India, where the mutiny had just broken out. Here he served for two years, returning in 1859. Two years later he sailed again with troops, but now to the Cape, and,



No. 1. The iron hand of Carlsberg, showing the mechanical works.
No. 3. Ditto, as engraved in the *Archaeological Journal*.
No. 2. Iron hand in the collection of Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick.

MEDIEVAL ARTIFICIAL IRON ARMS.—SEE PAGE 43.

coming back some months past, has since been stationed at Fort Pitt, Chatham. It was here, on the 19th of November last, that Mr. Paliologus nearly met his death by falling thirty-two feet into the moat of the fort, having missed his way in the dark.

On the abdication of King Otho, several of Mr. Paliologus's friends felt it incumbent upon them—although in no way instigated by him—to make his existence and high character known, and accordingly the heads of the Provisional Government were addressed upon the subject. Mr. Tucker, of Tottenhall Wood, who some two years since took some pains in the collection of the proofs of descent, also had an interview with Mr. Tricoupi, the Greek Minister, relative to Mr. Paliologus; but the strong feeling which early took root in favour of an English Prince as the new King of Greece, stifled the enthusiasm for the restoration of the Paleologi, which was so generally evinced on the previous occasion.

MM. BROUFOS AND KATZIEPOULOS.

OUR Engravings represent two of the most prominent members of the Provisional Government at Athens. M. Katziepoulos, whose nomination as secretary to that body has been the almost inevitable result of the wealth, the energy, and the ability with which he has long aided the national cause; and M. Broufos, the most active and daring promoter of the insurrection at Patras, which place he has been selected to represent in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Broufos belongs to one of the first families in the Peloponnese, and was recently a candidate for the representation of Lepanti, where he had Bozaris for an opponent. He was lately charged with the very delicate mission of negotiating with General Grivas.

It will be seen that, while M. Broufos adheres somewhat to the national costume, his colleague adopts the ordinary dress of the French and English. It may be that M. Broufos classes himself with those who desire to retain the Greek individuality, for in Athens there are the descendants of different divisions of the Greek race, who vary considerably in their manners and customs. The Albanian, or Slavonian, is in truth not Greek at all. The country has, it is true, been so divided by natural barriers that it was almost inevitable that it should form a number of separate States, each of which preserved a distinction from the rest; but there is no affinity between the physique of the Albanians and the true descendants of the old families. The northern Greeks, who, after inaugurating the revolt in the War of Independence, fought under their rebel chiefs, came afterwards to Athens, and there with the chiefs from the Morea, took the title of Pallicares, or "Braves;" these retain the red cap, the richly-embroidered vest, and the white petticoat; ride horses caparisoned like those of the Turks, and are followed by armed retainers. They are grave, proud, and somewhat taciturn, but hospitable to extravagance. The Phanariots, who formerly dwelt in the Phanar quarter of Constantinople, are fast merging their national manners in those of France and England; the followers of these customs are increasing, and the Pallicares are rapidly diminishing, since they gradually amalgamate with the more advanced school. The islanders among the Greeks are mostly sailors and merchants, and their costume is a singular mixture of the ordinary national costume with that of the Turks. It is not a little remarkable that the supposed national costumes of Greece are borrowed either from the Albanians or the Turks.

Literature.

No Name. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," &c. 3 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

In this book Mr. Wilkie Collins, with an affectation of science which is even less tolerable than his affectation of Art, announces to the world what he is pleased to call the "inevitable law of revelation," in consequence of which "the lasting preservation of a secret is a miracle which the world has never yet seen." We need hardly insist that this, like nearly every other bit of Mr. Collins's volunteer philosophy, is utter rubbish. Thousands of secrets are discovered, sooner or later; but every sunset closes down upon millions that are undreamt of, and that die with the hour. At all events, the proof of the contrary is obviously impossible. Mr. Collins's phraseology does not permit us to suppose that he is referring to the theological idea of the Judgment Day, with its disclosures, or to a conjecture of transcendental science which may be said to translate that idea into another. He refers himself expressly to what "the world has yet seen," and, so referring himself, he writes nonsense. But we cordially concede to Mr. Wilkie Collins that a good many things are found out—and a good many people—and that there is a pretty nearly "inevitable law of revelation" applying to quackery in its different degrees and kinds. Nothing is more likely than that Mr. Wilkie Collins himself should be found out—should be the first to be burnt in his own brazen bull (he will excuse the double entendre of the image)—that people should turn angrily round, before long, upon an author who thinks like a conjuror, models his style on the handbills outside the police-stations, and talks in Tupperesque prefaces of "justification by the laws of art," the "struggle of a human creature under the opposing influences of Good and Evil," and "resolute adherence to the truth as it is in Nature"—though, by-the-by, the bard who is in more senses than one proverbial, would not have committed himself to that pleasing parody of Ephesians iv. 21. However, it must be owned that the words Nature and Art are common property, and of comprehensive scope. A man at a fair labels his canvas with the Wonders of Nature, and a fashionable haircutter claims to rank as an artist. Let us, then, avoid logomachies, and be charitable even to a spotted baby and a reel in a bottle. Let the Nature and the Art go—for what they are worth. But if the mountebank who takes your shilling for showing you a talking-fish, or telling what card you thought of, begins to talk about "the opposing forces of Good and Evil" (in capitals), it is time to walk out, and ask that half your money may be returned to you at the doors. You pay to see him hide something and find it himself; and, if he insinuates that he is conveying a moral lesson, he is worse than a conjuror—he is a quack. And if, in hunting for what he has concealed, he goes ferreting, and fumbling, and nosing about, hither and thither, among those intimate details of life which, by a thousand associations of love, trust, and gracious reticence are made sacred to us all, he is not only a quack, but an indecent quack, who adds to a forgiven pretence of art and science the unpardonable sin of a rude familiarity. Let the man turn out his own pockets, and shake his own hat, and unscrew his own handkerchief, in order to glorify his acuteness, or make out his "inevitable law of revelation;" but we shall not allow him to degrade our daily lives for us by fingering the folds of the bed-curtains, and looking under the table, snipping at the flounces of our sisters' dresses, and peering into the rims of our daughters' eyes.

Dropping these metaphors, let us put our meaning thus:—A long sensation story, whose movement is carried forward, stage after stage, puzzle after puzzle, in the manner of a detective officer playing the novelist, is very likely to become unpleasant reading, and to leave on the mind, even of any one who has been entertained by it, a strong emotion of disgust. It must do so if it makes its way for any length of time among the domesticities, hovering about people's persons, clothes, downings, and uprisings; dealing now with a dose of physic, now with an alpaca dress, now with the expression of a woman's face just after a visit to a consulting-acconcheur in town, now with a poor girl's talk over the fire with a servant-maid, now with a family chat over the breakfast-table, and so on. We have said, carefully guarding our words, "a long sensation story, told in the manner of a detective playing the novelist." A short tale like Edgar Poe's "Purloined Letter," or "Murders in the Rue Morgue," may be inoffensively exciting. In those instances the effects are wrought out by (what we will call) the detective genius worming its way through details mainly physical, and, if not wholly impersonal, yet quite detached from all associations of conscience and tender emotion. Perhaps a short tale of the "detective" order might be inoffensively related, even if it did not fulfil the condition last suggested. But never a long one. In the case of a long story the ground to be traversed is too great for

the inquisitorial fancy not to blunder sometimes. If to this be added the necessity of getting up a "thrill" every week, the difficulty is, of course, immensely increased. Perhaps another metaphor may help us. The novelist may, without offence, play for us a short game of hunt the slipper, even among the domesticities, as an amusement or as an intellectual exercise. The thing will pass. But he must not keep up the chase in the sick-room, or in the conjugal council, or in view of the struggle of "the opposing forces of Good and Evil." If he does, he degrades himself and his reader. We appeal to women of sense and sensibility if, after reading "No Name" with the interest which it undoubtedly creates, they have not felt a little ashamed of themselves? As if the intimacies of life had been fingered and potted over in an ignominious manner with their consent and in their presence? We fearlessly make that appeal, knowing, certainly, that if their impressions were rendered into language the result would be something like this:—There is an "inevitable law" of antagonism between the mood in which a mystery may be pursued through a thousand windings of personal detail and the mood in which broad emotional effects may be produced. All the Art in the world cannot remove that antagonism. You look through a trou-de-Judas and tell us you saw one woman cut off a piece of another woman's flounce. Very good. You look again, and see a sick girl take her physic. That will pass; but we begin rather to resent it when you attempt to describe her reflections about the kind hand that held the cup. You're a little off your beat, we fancy. And so on, through cases much stronger, we feel, with an unpleasant crepiness, that you're carrying a small, prying, familiar, arithmetical, physical (in a word) "detective" mood into places where another mood is imperatively demanded. As instances of offensive effect, we refer, with perfect confidence that the instincts of our readers will justify us, to the description of the effect produced on a man with "fatty degeneration of the heart" by a certain event, as shown in his personal appearance twelve days after that event (vol. iii, p. 94); to the utterly absurd and impertinent effort to describe the sick-bed thoughts of Magdalen about "those little familiar attentions so precious to women in their intercourse with men" (vol. iii, p. 377), and to the passage which we will quote from vol. i, p. 68:—

MR. COLLINS'S VIEWS ABOUT A GIRL WITH HER BACK HAIR DOWN.

Magdalen's curious fancy for having her hair combed at all times and seasons was among the peculiarities of her character which were notorious to everybody in the house. It was one of her father's favourite jokes that she reminded him, on such occasions, of a cat having her back stroked, and that he always expected, if the combing were only continued long enough, to hear her purr. Extravagant as it may seem, the comparison was not altogether inappropriate. The girl's fervid temperament intensified the essentially feminine pleasure that most women feel in the passage of the comb through their hair, to a luxury of sensation which absorbed her in enjoyment, so serenely self-demonstrative, so drowsily deep, that it did irresistibly suggest a pet cat's enjoyment under a caressing hand. Intimately as Miss Garth was acquainted with this peculiarity in her pupil, she now saw it asserting itself for the first time in association with mental exertion of any kind on Magdalen's part. Feeling, therefore, some curiosity to know how long the combing and the studying had gone on together, she ventured on putting the question first to the mistress, and (receiving no answer in that quarter) secondly to the maid.

"All the afternoon, Miss, off and on," was the weary answer. "Miss Magdalen says it soothes her feelings and clears her mind."

Knowing by experience that interference would be hopeless, under these circumstances, Miss Garth turned sharply and left the room.

Briefly, we say, this kind of thing—call it art if you like—is base art, and such as would only be tolerated by a base and degraded public taste. Ingenious plot-interest may make it go down with the readers who are only just capable of feeling offended, they do not know why; and the immense majority of readers may not be consciously hurt by it at all. But it is the business of the critic to speak words of warning when mischief is on foot, and even words of invective when the mischief flourishes. We have tried to fulfil our function, though briefly, but are quite ready to return to the topic, if it should be necessary either to emphasise or to develop these few words of vehement condemnation.

Having done so much, our task is a short one. The story of "No Name" is, in skeleton, this:—The beautiful daughter of unmarried parents, deprived, under shelter of the law, of what should have been her inheritance, determines to recover it—first from her father's bad brother—who, however, dies—and then from that brother's son, her cousin, Noel Vanstone, who has "fatty degeneration of the heart." She leaves her home; intrigues with a scoundrel, and marries Noel, after a conflict with his housekeeper, Mrs. Lecount. Noel dies shortly after his marriage, having, under Mrs. Lecount's advice, left his property to Admiral Barram, with a secret trust. To discover what the trust is, Magdalen enters the Admiral's home as a servant, and is turned adrift for a breach of domestic confidence (in the pursuit of what she believed to be her own). The end is that she comes to utter destitution, and, being picked up in delirious fever by a gentleman who had fallen in love with her, casually, long before, she is married to him, after he knows all. Her sister Norah, the good girl of the story, gets the fortune after all, by marrying young Barram, but divides it with Magdalen.

We will now try, not only to do Mr. Wilkie Collins some little justice, but to repudiate some of what we think the injustice of other critics. The tale, as a tale, is so wonderfully told that we ourselves confess to having read it twice. Captain M-zey strikes us as being as real and natural, in his way, as Count Fosco. He is a capital fellow, and we carry away his image with affectionate regret when we close the book. We cannot add that the "power" in the pathetic scenes is to our own taste; but there is very great humour in the dialogue between Captain Wragge and Mrs. Lecount, which extends from page 248 to page 251 of vol. ii. Finally, Mr. Wilkie Collins writes excellent English on the Hue-and-Cry model!

Now for the injustice done to the author by some of our contemporaries. Mr. Collins is blamed for whitewashing Margaret's character with a fever, and then sending her away with her sugar-plum in the shape of a good husband. We think the blame unjust, for two reasons:—First, the process of moral renovation in the individual is more frequently a rapid than a slow one, as to its essential elements; and the whole notion of "a long repentance" is a mere vulgar superstition, almost beneath contempt. It is in true moral keeping that Mr. Collins should effect the transformation of poor Magdalen as he does. He gets at her conscience by applying the screw of disgrace. He breaks down her physical courage. He puts the oblivion of a sick delirium between her and her past; and then, a new life being ready for her, he brings in the forces of love and respect to enable her decisively to turn the corner into the better path. But, secondly, it must be borne in mind that Magdalen is all along pursuing what is her right—fighting against an injustice done to her. Her position, as she sees it, is that of an entrapped and defrauded person, who merely opposes stratagem to unjust force. Indeed, that was her position. Consider this for a moment:—If she had recovered her fortune after a short struggle she would have been called a brave, energetic girl, who had baffled a scoundrel. Not succeeding at once, she is dragged along, from day to day, through the mire of mean necessities, until at last she submits, after a dreadful struggle, to the marriage with Noel. She could hardly sink lower; but it is plain, from first to last, that she looked upon herself as in for a fight, and that the sternness of the combative mood did actually serve as a protection for her sensibilities; so that she saved her soul alive to the end, and was truly capable of answering to the good that crossed her way just as she was ready to perish.

A Reply to "the Affectionate and Christian Address of Many Thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland to their Sisters the Women of the United States of America," By MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOWE, in Behalf of Many Thousands of American Women. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

The title of this book sufficiently hints at its contents. Mrs. Stowe retorts upon the women of England what they wrote to the women of America eight years ago. The anti-slavery feeling has declined, she says, in England, and we are supporting, or at least justifying, the South against the North. In addition, she enters into some explanations of the respective attitudes of the North and South, of which the essence is here:—

NORTH AND SOUTH.

The moment Lincoln's election was ascertained the slaveowners resolved to destroy the Union they could no longer control. They met and organised a Confederacy, which they openly declared to be the first Republic founded on the right and determination of the white man to enslave the black man; and, spreading their banners, declared themselves to be the Christian world of the nineteenth century as a nation organised with the full purpose and intent of perpetuating slavery.

On the other hand, the declaration of the President and the Republican party, as to their intention to restore "the Union as it was," requires an explanation. It is the doctrine of the Republican party that freedom is national and slavery sectional, that the Constitution of the United States contemplated the gradual abolition of slavery, and that in the hands of an anti-slavery majority it could be so wielded as peaceably to extinguish this great evil. They reasoned thus:—Slavery ruins land and requires free territory; slavery increases a dangerous population, and requires an expansion of this population for safety. Slavery, then, being hemmed in by impassable limits, emancipation in each State becomes a necessity.

Venturing to speak briefly for both the anti-slavery party especially and for English feeling in general, our reply to Mrs. Stowe would stand somewhat as follows:—

1. It must not be overlooked by you that Mr. John Stuart Mill (who stands for—how many shall we say?) has spoken out for the North.

2. It is too true that anti-slavery feeling has declined. The force-philosophy of Mr. Carlyle and the nonchalant pooh-poohing by sceptical writers of things in general has mainly helped to produce that result. We must wait for the inevitable recoil of the wave.

3. We are most of us inclined to sympathise with the Secessionists, merely on the point of their right to form themselves into an independent State—if they can. If Yorkshire were to secede from England it would find sympathisers; and the question would ultimately prove one of comparative strength. There is no universal law of territory.

4. We are, almost to a man, of opinion that the struggle is utterly hopeless on the part of the North. It has asserted its own view of the case and attested its sincerity by the sacrifices it has made. It should now, we think, pause; and, clearing its own conscience in the matter of slavery, cease to attempt enforcing any policy whatever on the Southern States. If it could enforce it, the cost would be greater than the result would be worth. But it cannot. It is not—nothing of the kind ever can be—a question of ultimate principle; it is a question of what is best to be done in a difficulty. It is absurd to suppose that, because certain provinces from A to Z have always been called United States on the map, provinces A to M are entitled, at any cost of bloodshed and other misery, to keep up something called a "Union."

5. Part of the blame of the so-called sympathy with the South in this country is mere dissimilarity with the North. Let us hear by next mail that Butler is hanged like a dog (as he ought to be) and that blacks have begun to be treated in the North on "anti-slavery principles," and we shall feel for the North, whatever we may think about the South.

Mrs. Stowe quotes a Southern orator, who insists that the negro cannot have equal rights because he is inferior to the white man. It is a pity she misses the chance of showing the general reader that, on the same principle, the orator might be enslaved by his superior, and so on all round the world.

Having said what we think, we add that Mrs. Stowe, as a woman of distinguished ability and noble intent, is entitled to be listened to, and that we should be glad to hear that her little appeal had had as large a circulation as she herself could desire for it.

The Book of Garden Management. Illustrated by many Wood-Engravings. S. O. Beeton.

Seven hundred and sixty closely-printed pages concerning the art of flower and vegetable gardening is not precisely light reading for November candlelight or foggy morning. It is one of those subjects which must be practised as the reader proceeds. It would be idle to read down to the printer's name at the end of the index and then offer an opinion on the merits of the work. Who would care to know that the interest of the seasons was clearly evolved and maintained until the very close; that the months ended happily, and had monthly roses ever afterwards? Quite unnecessary; and so, without any such pretence, but with a glance at the rules laid down—and in profusion—for one month, we have no hesitation in recommending the series to the gardening reader. The contents, as summed up on the titlepage, include laying out and planting gardens; fruit, flower, and kitchen-garden management; building, arranging, and management of greenhouses, &c.; decorative gardens, spade husbandry and allotment cultivation, monthly operations, orchard cultivation and houses, and management of bees. But these headings are given broadly, and a far more comprehensive, although more confusing, idea of the book may be formed from the fact that the 760 pages are divided into 2296 separate paragraphs of information. The work is anonymous, but stated to be by various and competent hands. It has already, we fancy, found large support in a piecemeal form of publication. In its present complete and compact shape it cannot but form a valuable addition to every cottage bookshelf, and to every house, indeed, to which that suburban luxury, a garden, is attached.

AN HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN'S AFTERNOON.—The staff of the great hospital is utterly insufficient to allow of their performing themselves the work allotted to them. . . . We discover every now and then a conscientious physician, who tries to do his work. We once calculated this work up in a particular instance. At half-past six in the evening the Esplanade bed was putting on his overcoat to return home; he had taken his seat in a wooden-bottomed chair at one p.m. For five hours and a half he had sat there, ringing his bell, calling out, "Come in," examining his patients, and writing prescriptions, without a break. In the course of that period he had counted 4480 strokes of the heart, listened to 86 chests, looked at 190 tongues, asked 1120 questions, written 336 separate recipes, 111 certificates for clubs, 3 certificates of deaths, and brief notes in the hospital books of 29 new patients, giving their age, sex, occupation, duration of illness, residence, and disease. Altogether he had given advice gratis to 224 people, and remarked that he felt short of his usual number. Shall we describe the man at the end of his day's work? He was so pale that he might have played Ghost to Hamlet in broad sunlight. He was a little deaf on one side from the frequent use of the stethoscope; one of his fingers was sore from percutting; his eyes were weary; his back ached intensely; his head was heavy, and his voice was hoarse and tremulous. He had a mewing that at the close of his work he had written a prescription for one patient on another patient's letter, and was dreadfully put out to find that, right or wrong, the patients had gone off with their medicines. As he passed out of the hospital nine persons whom he had never seen in his life waited to ask him privately his solemn opinion as to cases some of which had not been before him for weeks, and of which he had no more recollection than of Adam. His face of white despair conveyed to the anxious listeners meanings of which he had not the remotest conception. When he got away from them all there were still three miles yawning between himself and his dinner.—*Social Science Review.*

THE FROBISHER RELICS.—A very interesting collection of relics of the expeditions of Sir Martin Frobisher to the Arctic regions, which Captain C.F. Hall discovered and collected on his late voyage to those regions, are about to be sent by Mr. Grinnell to the British Government, through the Royal Geographical Society of London. Frobisher made three voyages to the Arctic regions during the years 1576-8. On the third voyage, which was under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, fifteen vessels sailed, with the necessary materials and appliances for the establishment of a colony. The relics collected by Captain Hall are specimens of remains found on Kod-in-narn, White Man's Island, where the colony tried to establish itself. The island is about a fifth of a mile in length, and nearly as wide. On the centre of the island is a stone and lime foundation-wall of a house, and on the upper end is a deep trench with a stone embankment. Among the specimens in Captain Hall's collection are fragments of tile, pieces of wood dug up out of the trench, pieces of the stone from the wall, with the mortar attached, pieces of hair-rope, and also coal, coral, and glass. All the specimens are covered with a curious vegetable formation resembling moss. Several curious pieces of glass, pottery, and lime are to be found in the collection, together with three odd specimens of iron, in shape and appearance resembling a round loaf of burnt bread, which Mr. Hall thinks was used by Frobisher as ballast. These pieces, although small, are extremely heavy. Certainly, from appearance, they ought not to weigh more than 75lb., but they task the strength of a man to lift them. Captain Hall also brought with him an interesting collection of the geological specimens of the country, some of them showing traces of fossil remains. These are of great interest to scientific men, from the fact of their having been found in regions so far northward, the locality being in 70 deg. of latitude, and 63 deg. 48 min. of longitude.—*New York Paper.*

BANKRUPT.—R. N. LUTLEY, Glass, clerk in the Dock-
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BOARD and J. IVIMY, Worship-street, feather mere ants.—W. J.
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NEW PERFUMES for the Festivities—Stolen Kisses and their Sequel, Boudoir Scent; also Sir Roger de Coverley, his Savour, three bottles, in a pretty case, 7s.—2, New Bond-street.

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